



## A YOUNG GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL OF AMUSEMENT, ADVENTURE, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 422.—Vol. XVII.]

WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1877.

[ONE PENNY.



"BEWARE HOW YOU DEAL WITH THAT MAN," SAID MR. FREELOVE, EXTENDING HIS HAND IN WARNING.

### THE LAKE OF LIGHT:

OR THE

SEARCH FOR THE DIAMOND MOUNT.

#### CHAPTER XI.

SAM SMALL'S WEDDING.

A signal from the king, the band started afresh, blowing their trumpets and beat-

ing their drums with such violence that Sam Small was nearly deafened.

"We make very grand wedding," said King Bunkerloo; "have big feast after this."

As he spoke he turned round and leered at the fat husband in a very nasty way.

"Here, Paupukkeewisnuttmee! I want introduce you to gentlemen."

The fat husband, who did not seem to have the slightest suspicion as to the cruel designs that

were being made against him, waddled up to the king and, having made a salute to the king, looked with a smiling face at Sam.

"Ain't he plump," said the king. "He was a good husband, a man of taste. I know we shall enjoy him. He will last about two days. Perhaps we may get supper off of him."

"Dear me, don't speak in that awful manner."

"You better after dinner. Paupukkeewisnuttmee very good company at dinner."

"May it please your gracious majesty, but I really think that I would rather not eat him."

"And why not?" demanded the king, somewhat sharply; "he fat, nice, and tender."

"I dare say the gentleman has all the qualities you mention, but at the same time I should not like to put him to the proof. You see, in my country we never think of eating men."

"Ah, dem barbarians, not know how nice they are. The white man who came here—missionary chap, you understand, he say same thing. He marry my daughter, he not like work. Call us all dem heathens. He no like man flesh. So we shut him up with a boiled baby—he eat it all up in three days. Then he come out and join us in all the feasts."

"Then he deserved his fate," said Sam; "the idea of a missionary devouring his people."

"He might have been alive now, but he so lazy, would not work," continued Bunkerloo.

"And was that the reason you—you killed the gentleman?" asked Sam.

"Me like him very much. He cook so well. He make pie, and all kinds nice things out of anything. My daughter very pleased wid him, berry; but he so dem idle."

"Excuse me asking the question, but did Miss Bunkerloo love him?"

"Oh, yes. She marry him—but one day he made dish of bufflo too hot. So she took up her war-club and knocked him on the head, and he fell down flat on him back."

"The poor fellow was insensible," murmured Sam; "poor lost fellow, did he recover?"

"We no wait to ask that. The cauldron was on the fire, so we took off his clothes and shoved him in, and make some beautiful stuff which he used to call soup."

"Oh! good gracious!" said Sam, wriggling about; "how very terrible—horridly nasty."

"So he was," replied King Bunkerloo, quietly; "he tasted of tobacco. I did not care for him much."

"Oh, what a pleasant father-in-law," groaned Sam; "really shocking."

"We never agreed well in life," said King Bunkerloo; "and I know we did not after he was dead."

As he spoke, King Bunkerloo rubbed his stomach in a way which made Sam shudder.

"You will cook well," said the king, looking approvingly at Sam.

"No, no, I beg your pardon," said Sam Small, "just the reverse. I was tried once. They kept me boiling for three days and three nights, and I was so tough that they could not get their teeth in me. You don't know how tough I am."

King Bunkerloo opened his eyes at this statement, as well he might.

Then he grieved, and showed his sharp white teeth in an awful manner.

"They dem bad cooks. I'll try one day me cook better than that."

"Gracious goodness, what have I done?" thought Sam; but he dared not speak.

"Now we go on to the marriage," cried King Bunkerloo; "soon get dat over."

Uttering a wild yell, King Bunkerloo went leaping in front of all his clan.

He waved his club over his head—shouted, danced, and screamed.

After he had been engaged at this work for about a minute all the chiefs of the clan commenced the same terrible uproar and capering, until Sam became giddy with the shouts and the leaping.

But what struck Sam as the most comic part of the business was that the fat Paupukkeewissnutmee capered and shrieked as loudly as any one of the party.

"Can he be aware that he is to furnish the wedding breakfast?" thought Sam. "I should think not, or he would use his capers to a little more purpose by running away."

Then the king made a sign, and at once the party commenced their march.

The dusky and not at all blushing bride seized Sam by the arm, and led him forward.

The king kept a few paces ahead of them, leaping and yelling frantically.

Behind them came the musicians, blaring away on their trumpets and beating the big drum fearfully.

Such fearful music Sam had never heard

before, and devoutly hoped he should never hear again.

It was awful in the extreme.

"Whatever will become of me?" muttered Sam. "I know I shall die of fright if this goes on."

Forward he was forced to march, for close behind him came the fat victim.

"I know why he leaps," thought Sam. "He wants to make himself unhealthy to eat."

At last they came to a curious building, one which brought Sam's heart into his mouth, as the saying is.

It was built of bones—human bones, the skulls being used as bas-reliefs.

"Ha, ha!" cried King Bunkerloo, as he arrived at this house of death. "Oh, I do like this place. Him very fine. Him full of sad memories, and pleasant ones too."

"I don't quite understand you," said Sam, whose voice was getting of the weakest.

"Ah, all these men I have known dem well; some dem tough, others, oh! so tender. Dey make my mouth all full of water when I think of them—oh! so sweet."

"It looks a terrible place," said Sam. "I don't think I will go in."

"But I think you will," replied the king, in a manner which at once showed Sam refusal would be useless.

Into this fearful charnel-house Sam was led by his bride.

Then all the blacks began shouting in a loud voice a rude chorus, which we, for the benefit of the reader, will translate, and it may be as well here to mention that in future we must make all our characters able to converse with one another, as it would hinder the progress of the story to make the characters explain the methods they employed to communicate with each other.

Hail! hail to our mighty king,  
Who rules with a heavy hand;  
His glory and praises let all men sing  
Throughout this happy land."

This verse was repeated over and over again; each time one verse was finished all the savages uttered a furious yell and leaped high in the air.

"This very fine house, this. A pretty idea of mine. When I became king there was one very great feast, and we eat up lots of men. So I ordered all their skeletons to be kept, and built part of this house with them. Every man I eat, his skeleton comes here."

"Oh! Lor!" exclaimed Sam Small, "to think that my skeleton may come here."

"Yes; you come here one day," laughed Bunkerloo, "but now get the marriage over."

At a sign from the king Sam Small was seized by two of the guards, his clothes stripped off of him, and then, in spite of his struggles and repeated expostulations, he was daubed all over with black paint, so that he soon looked as much a black as Bunkerloo.

They then greased his hair and stuck feathers into it, giving him an awful appearance.

After they had decorated his head, they wrapped a strip of linen round about his loins, and then, drawing back a little, gazed on their work in admiration.

"Well, this is a pretty go," said Sam Small; "blessed if my own mother would know me. I wish I were well out of this scrape. If once I get away I'll take good care that I do not thrust my head into such a fix again."

But now the marriage ceremony was about to take place.

Miss Moselekatze Bunkerloo—for that was the princess's name—approached Sam, and taking his hand, stood bashfully by his side.

Then the warriors joined hands, and forming a ring, danced round them.

"I'm blessed if this ain't like the game of kias-in-the-ring on Hampstead Heath," said Sam. "How I wish it may wind up in the same innocent way. But it won't, I know."

Then the dance came to an end, and Bunkerloo made Sam kneel down upon his hands and knees, his back being turned towards his blushing bride.

"Beauteous Moselekatze," said Bunkerloo, addressing his daughter, and at the same time presenting her with a thing that looked like a thin cricket bat, "behold at your feet your slave,

whom you have honoured by taking as a husband. I here present you with the wand of authority to do as you like with him. But I should warn you not to let love make you too lenient. Beating makes a husband attentive and submissive—besides it makes him tender."

Sam Small groaned aloud as he heard this remark of the King.

"Therefore," continued Bunkerloo, "I bid you spare not the wand of authority."

The lovely Moselekatze took the wand and made a sign to her father.

In an instant the old man sprang upon Sam, and seated himself stride-legs on the poor lad's neck, gripping him so tightly by the throat that he could not move.

Then the beautiful blushing bride raised high the wand of authority, and brought it down with all her might upon the unfortunate Sam, who uttered a yell of agony, and struggled violently to escape.

But King Bunkerloo was strong and held Sam firmly.

Meanwhile, Moselekatze belaboured away with a will, whilst all the savages screamed with delight. Sam screamed also, but it was not with the same feeling.

The more the savage warriors screamed, the more Moselekatze struck out.

"Murder! murder!" roared Sam Small; "oh! you—brutes—oh! oh! oh!"

Whack, whack, whack, went the bat, and Sam wriggled about in pain.

At last he managed to get his head a little less tightly held, as his struggles had caused King Bunkerloo to relax his grasp.

Seizing the opportunity, Sam plunged his teeth into the thick part of Bunkerloo's leg.

"Boo-oo-oo-oh!" roared the king, trying to shake Sam off.

But this was not to be done. Sam held on like grim death.

Still the fair bride flourished the bat, still the savage warriors applauded; for no one had perceived the accident which had befallen the king, and evidently the couriers looked upon his shrieks and shouts as done for their amusement, and therefore, true courtier-like, shouted and yelled in praise of the king's curious antics.

At last Bunkerloo could put up with it no more.

He sprang from Sam, leaving a large piece of flesh in that young gentleman's teeth.

"Gracious goodness," cried Sam, as he spat out the piece and rose to his feet, "was there ever such a set of savage brutes seen in this world like these before."

"He has bitten the king," shouted the savages. "He has bitten the king—he must die!"

"Bitten him, I should think I had, and so would you, too, had you been in my place."

They sprang forward, and in a few moments Sam was secured between two huge savages.

"Oh! oh!" roared King Bunkerloo; "I shall never be able to stand upright again."

"And I shall never be able to sit down as long as I live," replied S.M.

"You won't have long to live," said Bunkerloo, with a cruel grin, "in a couple of days your skeleton shall be placed here in this house. Paupukkeewissnutmee, come here to me!"

The little fat man approached the king, and bowed low to him.

"Paupukkeewissnutmee," said Bunkerloo, "it was our intention to have killed and eaten you for the wedding feast. We are sorry to have to deprive you of the honour; but we must do so."

Paupukkeewissnutmee tried to look as if he was really very sorry, but Sam could see plainly enough that the poor wretch was delighted at his escape.

"However, you are a good cook, and therefore we could have but ill-spared you."

"You do me too much honour," said the poor little fat man, bowing low.

"You will therefore kill that wretch, who has dared to bite his king, and make a soup of him. Take him away to the kitchen, and let me know when dinner is ready."

"But you majesty," cried Sam, "you swore to let me return to my friends in safety."

"Take him away," said Bunkerloo. "We have no mercy."

"But there is your man on board the ship. My king will kill him if you kill me."

"Let him. I care not," grinned Bunkerloo. "I will avenge his death by eating them all up. Ha, ha, what do you think of that, eh?"

"But, at all events, let me go back just to tell them of my fate," said Sam Small.

"We will let them know after we have eaten you," replied the king; "then we shall be able to say how we liked you. Take him away. I begin to feel hungry, so make haste."

Finding that all his arguments were vain with the king, Sam turned to his wife.

"Beautiful creature," he exclaimed, throwing himself at her feet; "dearest one, listen to me."

"Get along, you nasty man," said the lady, "go and be cooked quietly."

"Be not hard-hearted, fair one; remember, I am your husband, and—"

He paused, for the lady opened her huge jaws and showed such a terrible row of teeth, all filed to a sharp point, after the approved fashion of the cannibals, and such a cavernous throttle, that Sam dared not go on.

"Blessed if ever I saw such a mouth," he groaned; "my heart sinks within me, and for all I know, it will sink within her soon. It's really terrible, that's what it is, and no mistake!"

"Come along to the kitchen," said Paupuk-keewissnutmee, "I will cook you so beautiful."

It was no good expostulating; the king had given his orders, and they must be obeyed.

"You need not be in a hurry," said Sam Small, as the little fat man hurried him along.

"The king said he was very hungry," said Paupuk-keewissnutmee, with a grin.

"You were not so impatient to oblige him when he talked of eating you," grumbled Sam.

"Ha, ha, that's a different matter. I shall enjoy you. Here's the kitchen."

He dragged Sam into a stone hut, and shoved him down in a corner.

"Oh! if I had only my hands at liberty," thought Sam, "wouldn't I give it to you, my lad?"

Laughing and grinning all the time, Paupuk-keewissnutmee lit a fire under what appeared to be a huge copper, which he then partly filled with water.

"Now for the vegetables," said the little wretch. "You make good soup; not too fat."

As he spoke he brought out a number of roots, which he sliced up in the pot.

He then put in a number of herbs, all of which had been dried, like those used by cooks in England.

Having completed this, he blew up his fire until it blazed merrily under the pot, which very soon began to sizzle.

"Ha! ha!" cried the little fat wretch, as he tasted the liquor; "good—very good. Soon boil now."

Sam knew that this would be the signal for his death, and therefore became desperate.

Silently, but fiercely, he struggled with his cords, and at last managed to free his arms.

At that moment Paupuk-keewissnutmee was leaning over the copper, trying the soup.

Sam crawled up close behind this terrible cook.

"The liquor dem good," cried Paupuk-keewissnutmee. "All ready for the man now."

"Then here is the man for it," cried Sam, and seizing the fat man's heels, he tossed them up in the air, plunging the unhappy little wretch into the boiling fluid.

"It's very terrible," said Sam with a shudder, "very; but of two evils choose the least. And I'd sooner boil the whole tribe of these cannibals than let them boil me."

He crept cautiously out of the stone kitchen, and to his joy discovered that no one was watching it.

"Now for a good run," he said to himself. "If I am taken now I shall be done for, so I will die fighting if the worst comes to the worst. They shall not take me alive."

Bending down low, Sam started off at a tremendous rate for the coast.

He had not proceeded far when a terrible yell from the direction whence he had come told him that the remains of Paupuk-keewissnutmee had been discovered, and that he was pursued.

Never did man run faster than Sam Small did from the savages.

He reached the sands, and looking back beheld King Bunkerloo, Moselekatz, and the savage warriors coming after him as fast as he could.

Away, away sped Sam, until at last he reached the "Hetty Brewer."

He was about to climb up the prow when a musket barrel was placed close to his head, and a stern voice bade him halt if he valued his life.

"Oh! Mr. Bull, for the love of mercy do help me on board the ship."

"Why, Sam Small!" exclaimed John Bull, "how come you in that disguise?"

"I'll tell you all about it when I am safe. Only do let me get up."

"Wait a minute and I will throw you a rope," said our hero.

This was soon done, and Sam Small found himself once more with his friends.

"Oh! I have had such a narrow escape," said Sam. "I have nearly been made soup of. Oh! I know I shall never like soup again as long as I live."

"But are these people friendly to us?" demanded Mr. Freelo.

"Friendly! So friendly, sir, that they will nearly beat you to death, and the ladies get so fond of their husbands that they will eat them up."

"See—here they come in full force. Look to your weapons lads," cried John Bull.

"Woolly-woolly-woolly-wooh!" yelled the savages, as they rushed at the ship.

A well-directed fire made some half-dozen bite the sand, and the rest paused.

"Ah, you dem thief!" cried King Bunkerloo, as he caught sight of Sam—"come here!"

"Thank you very much, sir, but I can not think of such a thing. How did you like the soup?"

"Soup, we will have you all in the soup," yelled the king.

Brandishing his club, he called upon his chiefs to attack the ship.

Whatever faults the savages might have, cowardice was not one of them.

On they rushed, determined to take the ship by storm; but Jack and his friends kept up such a constant fire that the savages were forced to retreat.

But they soon recovered their courage and recommenced the attack.

The slaughter was very great amongst the savages, while Jack's party had not a wound.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" cried Jack. "Keep steady boys; we will beat them yet."

They were preparing for another attack, when the savages suddenly halted and sent up a shout of triumph.

"Why, what can they mean by that now?" exclaimed Green. "I think they are mad."

"Look!" cried Gianhare, seizing Jack's arm—"the ship is on fire!"

Slowly from the after part of the vessel arose a dense column of smoke.

Then a fierce flame shot up into the sky, and in a few seconds the whole of the after part of the vessel was a sheet of fire.

"Confusion!" cried Jack; "it is that confounded black fellow we held as hostage for Sam has done this. See, there he goes; he has dropped out of one of the stern ports and is swimming to the shore."

The savage reached the land, and was about to rush up to his friends when Green raised his rifle; there was a flash, a sharp report, and the savage leaped into the air and fell dead upon the sands.

A yell of hatred and defiance rose from the savages, who rushed at the ship with redoubled fury, brandishing their war-clubs and hurling their spears at the enemy.

"Keep up a good fire on them," said Mr. Freelo; "we cannot escape them, but we will perish in the flames sooner than fall into the hands of such wretches."

"Gianhare," said Jack, as he tenderly kissed his wife, "if I fall, and the rest are overpowered, do not let yourself be taken prisoner by these brutes. Death is preferable to dishonour."

"Fear not, my love," replied Gianhare, as she returned the embrace, "this shall release me."

As she spoke she placed her hand upon a small dagger she wore by her side.

"See!" cried Mr. Freelo, "here they come!"

They know we must perish in those flames or surrender, and therefore they are determined to wait until we are destroyed or forced to yield ourselves up to them."

"That we shall never do. I'd sooner feed the fishes than those brutes," said O'Rourke.

"Keep on firing as long as we can," cried Jack; "at all events we will kill as many as we can."

They poured in a volley, and to Sam's delight, King Bunkerloo and his beautiful daughter rolled over in the sand, never to rise again; at least, they did not rise up then.

Furious at their dearly-beloved king being thus bowled over, the savages formed into a dense crowd, and prepared to rush down to the ship and take it by storm.

"Now, may Heaven send us aid," said Mr. Freelo; "if not, we must perish."

Scarcely had he said the words when the report of a cannon was heard, and a large cannon-ball tore through the crowd of savages, scattering them like chaff before the wind.

"Hurrah!" cried Jack, leaping up on the gunwale; "we are saved, we are saved."

A small rakish schooner, painted black and flying a black flag, had, unperceived by the combatants, crept within a cable's length of the shore.

Standing on and off, the schooner poured in a rapid and well-directed fire on the savages.

Yelling with fear, the cannibals fled, leaving at least half their number dead on the sands.

But now our hero and his party had another terrible danger to encounter.

The fire had spread rapidly, and had already made the planks on which they were standing so hot as almost to be unbearable.

Jack hurried as far aft as he could to signal the schooner, but he turned back in all haste, crying out—

"Quick, quick!—jump on shore!—throw yourselves into the water—anywhere!"

"Why, what on earth is up now?" demanded Green. "That vessel must be friendly."

"Yes, yes; but the powder-magazine has caught fire. To the shore, or we perish."

It needed no second warning.

In a minute they had thrown themselves into the sea and waded ashore.

Suddenly a fearful report shook the earth, a fierce flash shot up into the sky followed by a column of dense smoke, which stood for a moment quite stationary, then it cleared slowly away, leaving the sea strewn with fragments of what had once been the good ship "Hetty Brewer."

"May heaven be praised! We have escaped that fearful fate," said Mr. Freelo.

The black schooner came to anchor, and as she slewed round on her cable Jack read her name.

It was the "Eldorado."

A boat was lowered and manned, and a young fellow dressed in a blue frock-coat with gold buttons, a Spanish flap hat, white trousers over which heavy sea-boots were drawn, leaped into the boat which was then immediately pulled to the shore.

As the young officer leaped on to the sands he took his hat off and bowed politely to Jack.

"By the body of Bacchus, sir," said the young fellow laughingly, "I think we only just arrived in time. You seem to have had hot work here," he continued, as he pointed to the slain savages. "As I live, there is old Bunkerloo dead and his lovely daughter Moselekatz, who was always so fond of her husbands that she devoured them."

"We must indeed thank you for having saved us," said Jack, "for had you not arrived we should have perished in the burning ship."

"By St. Jago, you are right," said the young man. "You must now, if you please, give me your names and ranks. Also tell me what country you belong to and where bound."

John Bull made answer to all these questions, and the young officer wrote down the replies in his tablet.

"I must now trouble you to come with me into my ship, the 'Eldorado,'" said the officer.

"Are we, then, to consider ourselves prisoners?" said Jack.

"Well, not precisely, and yet I cannot say you are quite free."

"Pardon me, but I don't quite understand you," said Jack, hastily.

"No? Well, I will put it in another way. If

I leave you here King Bunkerloo's men will soon return and make very quick work of the whole of you. Therefore I must take you with me. Now, armed people I cannot take on board, that being quite against the rules of the King I serve."

"May I ask what king you have the honour of serving?" asked Mr. Freelove.

"Oh, certainly. King Beppo, of the Eagle's Rock, a good fellow enough when he has all his own way, but one whom it is not well to cross Cossetti! If he loses his temper he cares little for what he does."

"Is your king powerful?" demanded Jack. "I never heard of him before."

"No; he cares not for fame, and prefers remaining unknown," replied the officer, with a laugh. "As to his power, that is greater than it seems. He boasts that one of his wings touches the West Indies and the other in Africa!"

"He must, indeed, be powerful," said Jack, smiling.

"I should consider that a considerable stretch of the gentleman's imagination or wings," said O'Rourke.

The young officer raised his eyebrows slightly, and stared at O'Rourke.

"You may be very clever, sir," he said, after a moment's pause, "but I advise you not to air your wit at King Beppo, or even to joke before him. He has a grim kind of humour of his own, at which people don't laugh. Come, gentlemen, your arms if you please. I have no time to lose. I must at once return to the Eagle's Rock."

Jack and Mr. Freelove saw that resistance would be worse than useless.

They therefore handed over their weapons and directed the others to do the same.

"I see you are wise, gentlemen," said the officer; "for my part, I promise you all consideration and respect as long as you are on board of the 'Eldorado.' When I have handed you over to the king, of course I cannot hold myself any further responsible. Now permit me to conduct you to the boat."

With all his polite language, the young officer could not conceal the fact that he held them as prisoners.

"This is jolly unpleasant," drawled Green; "no sooner out of one scrape than we get into another. I wonder where it will all end."

They were all seated in the stern-sheets of the boat, and at a sign from the officer the sailors—who were a repulsive set of looking fellows—gave way, and in a few moments our hero and his party were standing on the deck of the "Eldorado."

The anchor was soon apeak, the sails spread, and the schooner flying swiftly before the wind.

Then the young officer invited Jack to tell him his history, which our hero did.

"By the body of Bacchus! a strange life of adventure," said the young fellow. "We think that we have strange adventures, but yours seem to be far more than ours. But here we are close by the Eagle's Rock."

The Eagle's Rock was a high dark cliff, which seemed to rise perpendicularly out of the sea.

When the ship was put about it appeared to be about to dash itself upon the rock, but with skillful management she was brought round and shot into a cave, the mouth of which was masked from the sea by a wall of rock.

Scarcely was the schooner at anchor than some twenty or thirty Indian girls came bounding down a flight of steps, all chatting gaily and welcoming home the sailors.

"Surely these are not African women," said Jack to the young officer.

"No, these girls all come from the West Indies or North America. They are mostly Spanish Indians. We ship them over here as we want them. I told you that King Beppo's wings rested on America and Africa. You see here the proof of it."

These girls were handsome laughing creatures, all dressed in the American Indian garb, and each one had a rifle slung over her shoulder, and from the way they marched, Jack imagined that they were trained for military service, as he afterwards found to be the case.

"Juanita," cried the young officer to one of the girls, "go quickly and tell the captain that I have rescued some people—English people out of the

clutches of King Bunkerloo, and that I have them here."

The girl stared hard at our hero and his party, and then dashed away.

"Jack," whispered Mr. Freelove, "we have fallen into the hands of pirates, and I fear we shall meet with but small mercy at their hands. If this fellow whom they call King Beppo should send for us let me act as spokesman, for we must not anger him, and your young blood is more important than mine."

"As you will, sir," said Jack. "You are the leader of this expedition, and I obey."

He had scarcely answered when the girl Juanita returned and told the officer that King Beppo had commanded that she should conduct the chief of the prisoners to him.

"I am ready to go with you, maiden," said Mr. Freelove, stepping forward. "Conduct me to your king."

The girl led the way up some steps cut in the rocks, down several narrow passages, and at last out on to a kind of terrace, on which several large cannon were mounted.

On one of these cannons sat King Beppo.

He was dressed in a dark blue frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin, and having large military cuffs.

His hat was a Spanish sombrero, heavy plumed, with the brim not looped back.

He had high boots reaching up beyond the knee, giving him something the appearance of a cavalry officer, as did also the large sabre girt round his waist.

"So," said the fellow, as he raised his eyes off a letter he was reading, "are you Frank Freelove?"

"I am," replied Mr. Freelove.

"And you have come to seek for the Lake of Light, eh?"

"That is my purpose," said Mr. Freelove, rather startled at finding his purpose so well known.

"You will never find it, then," said Beppo.

"If I am not hindered I trust I may yet succeed," replied Mr. Freelove.

"I hold in my hand a letter from Haasan Al Ferez," said Beppo.

"Beware how you deal with that man," exclaimed Mr. Freelove, extending his hand in warning.

"How so? Do you think the Arab dog dare play me false?" roared Beppo.

"Hassan Al Ferez will play all men false," said Mr. Freelove.

"His throat shall answer for it. For you and your party, you must remain my prisoners; but shall be well treated. Juanita, see to them at once."

Mr. Freelove bowed, and was led away by the Indian girl.

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 417.)

A YOUNG lady, of the old school, who does not go in for competitive examinations, was asked what cub's feet were? She said, "Not pretty." She had an immediate offer.

If twenty-seven inches of snow yield three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed on Swedish turnips? To ascertain, multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs of a cow's tail; then divide the product by a turnip, add a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer.

A COMICAL TWIN STORY.—A barber was waited upon one morning by a nice young gentleman, who desired to know the hairdresser's lowest terms per week for keeping his comely *caput* in condition. A moderate sum was named and accepted. Thereafter the new customer appeared regularly every day for a "close shave," with frequent additions of shampooing and hair-cutting, and often twice a day. In short, the barber marvelled much at the rapidity with which this young man's beard and hair grew, and the mystery was only solved after a considerable lapse of time, when one day "two of him" came into the shop at once for a shave. The original customer who made the bargain had a twin brother so exactly like him in personal appearance that "one couldn't tell t'other from which," and the two had been getting the attentions of the tonsor for the price paid for one.

## GREAT SCHOOLS:

WHO FOUNDED THEM; THEIR USES AND BENEFITS; AND THEIR GENERAL HISTORY.

By the Author of "*How to Make your Fortune.*"

### IV.—ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, COMMONLY CALLED WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

**I**N the first rank of "Great Schools" stands the celebrated college which forms the subject of the present article.

Like many other scholastic institutions, it was originally a monastery, and dates the present foundation from the time of the dissolution by the eighth Henry of those monkish abodes.

Although the "six-wived king" has—and perhaps justly—been characterized as "fat, savage and proud," yet none, I believe, will deny the benefits he has conferred on the succeeding generations by making way—albeit, in a rough and ready fashion—for the institution of those great seminaries which are the pride and glory of old England.

Queen Elizabeth is generally held to have been the foundress of this great school, but according to Widmore, the author of "*The History of Westminster Abbey*," a school was settled here by her royal father; so that the "Virgin Queen" in reality, did little but continue the former appointment.

It is supposed that there had been a school here, in connection with the monastery of St. Peter, from the time of King Alfred, to whose memory the Prince of Wales recently inaugurated a statue, in the town of Wantage, which place claims the proud distinction of having been the birthplace of that "Light of the Dark Ages." Edward the Confessor, it appears, received what little education could be obtained in those days here, and doubtless many of the brave Saxon nobles who fell with Harold at the battle of Hastings learned to read the Psalter and write their names within St. Peter's walls. From this date there was undoubtedly a school here, under the auspices of the abbots and monks, and Widmore relates that from the end of the reign of Edward III. to the time of Henry VIII. a regular salary was paid to a master appointed to teach the boys grammar.

But Elizabeth, from having carried out the original intentions of her father, is properly considered the foundress of Westminster School.

The foundation consists of a master, an under-master, and forty boys, who are called "queen's scholars." Ten of these are elected annually from boys who have been in the school for a twelvemonth at least, and are not more than fifteen at election time, which takes place in the second week before Whitsuntide.

The following is the mode of election:—They propose themselves as candidates of the fourth and fifth and "shell" forms, and are left to contend with each other in Latin and Greek, and particularly in grammatical questions and speaking Latin. Two boys will challenge for five hours together in grammar questions; and, at the end of eight weeks of constant challenge, the ten boys at the head of the number are chosen according to vacancies; those who have presented themselves below the ten succeed according to the next vacancies, the head master sitting as umpire. This contest occasions the situation of the queen scholars to be much sought after by the boys of all ranks and distinction, it becomes a ground-work of reputation, and incites a desire to obtain the election.

The forty queen's scholars thus form "four elections," and from each election three boys are chosen annually to studentships at Christchurch, Oxford, and the same number to Trinity College, Cambridge. The queen's scholars reside within the college, and are distinguished from the rest of the boys, who number about 150 in all, by wearing a cap and cloth gown, and a white neck-cloth.

There are four boys, also, who are called Bishop's boys; so denominated from their being established by Williams, Bishop of Lincoln. They are allowed a gratuitous education, and are distinguished by wearing a purple gown; they do not, however, live in the college, and have no

other advantage besides that already named, and an annual allowance which is so small that it is not paid to them while they are at school, but is suffered to accumulate till the period of their admission to St. John's College, Cambridge, when, with some additions, it amounts to about £20 a year for four years. These boys are nominated by the Dean and head master.

The scholars' fees are a portion of the salaries of the masters; the annual payment being different in different years. It is thirteen guineas the first year, which is the same for a town-boy or a queen's scholar; ten guineas the next two years, and eight guineas the last year.

The first object of interest connected with Westminster School that strikes the eye of a visitor is a handsome column of polished red granite, that stands immediately opposite the entrance to Dean's-yard. It forms a memorial to Lord Raglan and the old Westminsters that fell in the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, and was erected by subscriptions raised among those who had been their schoolfellows.

This, however, is not the only tribute to their memory, for a tablet in the schoolroom also bears the names of many who found a resting-place in Russian soil.

The inclosure in the centre of Dean's-yard is used as a playground by the Westminster boys, who stubbornly contest many a game at football upon its surface; but their principal cricket-field and playground is in Vincent-square, nearly half a mile from the College, and close to Vauxhall Bridge-road.

The third of a series of arches in Dean's-yard, on the eastern side, which are sadly marked with the ruthless ravages of old Father Time, is the entrance to a court, leading to the principal building of the College, in which the boys play at racquets. The "election rooms" and dormitory, which are entirely devoted to the use of the queen's scholars, are on the east side of this quadrangle. Out of school-hours, the queen's scholars use the upper election room as their common sitting-room, which is lighted by a row of arched windows looking out upon the college garden.

A long passage is boarded off from the election rooms on the west side, through which the dormitory may be reached without entering the room itself; and in the upper election-room there are several small private studies, each tenanted by two boys, which are papered and furnished according to the taste of the occupants.

The dormitory and sanatorium are reached by a stone staircase at the end of the above passage, in which part of the college the matron resides. The dormitory is divided on either side into small chambers by wooden paneling; each chamber being tenanted by one boy. The names of many of England's worthies are inscribed in gigantic capitals upon the walls, forming a great relief to the rather chilly aspect of the whole.

It is herein that the famous Westminster play, of which our readers will have seen accounts in the daily papers, is performed annually. This old custom is kept up in accordance with an order of Queen Elizabeth, and it is only omitted when the scythe of death mows down some member of the Royal Family. Queen Victoria's sad bereavement of both mother and husband in one year—1861—was, we believe, the last occasion when the play was not performed. A temporary theatre is erected at one end of the room for the youthful actors to "strut their little hour upon the stage."

We must not forget to glance at the famous picture on the dormitory walls of Westminster's victory over Eton, in 1845, in a boat-race on the Thames from Mortlake to Putney. The Westmonasterians have always excelled in the fine athletic sport of rowing, and a great volume called the "Water Ledger" is kept for the purpose of recording their achievements on the water.

The boating dress of the Westminster boys is a white jersey, and a straw hat trimmed with pink; when rowing in matches with Eton, the crew wear upper jerseys of pink flannel. One of the last events of which King William IV. was a spectator was a contest between the cracks of the two colleges in 1837, from Datchet Bridge to the lock and back, a distance of two-and-a-half miles in all, in which Westminster

proved victorious by three or four lengths, after considerable "fouling."

Before quitting the dormitory, mention must also be made of the large black panels, set in frames of the same sable hue, on which the names of the captains of the school are inscribed in letters of gold. Among these is the name of the first and one of the greatest Governors-general of India—Warren Hastings.

Among the most famous of the Head-masters of this school were Dr. Vincent, whose portrait hangs in the school-room; Dr. Busby, whose features are familiarised to all in a well-executed bust, and William Camden, the learned author of the "Britannia." The schoolroom itself is perhaps best described in the following verses, written by a scholar of the College, which appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" in 1739:—

"Fast by, an old but noble fabric stands,  
No vulgar work, but raised by princely hands;  
Which, grateful to Eliza's memory, pays,  
In living monuments, an endless praise.  
High placed above, two Royal Lions stand  
The certain sign of courage and command.  
If to the right you then your steps pursue,  
An honour'd room employs and charms your view.

There Busby's awe-full features deck the place,  
Shining where once he shone a living grace;  
Beneath you see, in decent order placed,  
The walls by various author's works are graced.

Fix'd to the roof, some curious laurels show,  
What they obtained who wrote the sheets below.

Rank'd into seven, distinct the classes lie,  
Which with the Pleiades in lustre vie;  
Next to the door, the first and least appears,  
Design'd for seeds of youth and tender years.  
The second, next, your willing notice claims,  
Her numbers more extensive—more her aims  
Thence, a step nearer to Parnassa's height,  
Look 'cross the school, the third employs your sight;

There Martial sings, there Justin's works appear,  
And banish'd Ovid finds protection there.  
From Ovid's tales transferred, the fourth pursues

Books more sublimely penn'd, more noble views;  
Here Virgil shines, here youth is taught to speak,

In different accents of the hoarser Greek.  
Fifth: Better skill'd, and deeper read in Greek,

From various books can various beauties seek.  
The sixth, in every learned classic kill'd,  
With nobler thoughts and brighter notions filled,

From day to day with learned youth supplies,  
And honours, both the Universities.  
Near these the Shell's high concave walls

appear,  
Where Friend\* in state sits pleasingly severe.  
Him as a ruler and a king we own,  
His rod, his sceptre, and his chair our throne."

Dr. Busby was a bold and staunch Royalist, and on the cold grey morn of the 30th of January, 1649, ere the blood of King Charles had stained the scaffold at Whitehall, the unfortunate martyr-monarch was prayed for by name in Westminster School by the monitor, Robert (afterwards Dr.) South.

The walls of the schoolroom are covered with the names of old scholars. Among the many who have in after life become famous, mention can here be made of but a few:—Dryden (a memento of whom is still preserved in the shape of an old form, whereon he carved "I. DRYDEN"), Cowley, Rowe (the tragedian), Churchill, Bourne, and Cowper, all names honoured by the Muses; Gibbon, the historian (author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"); William, Earl of Mansfield, the great lawyer, statesman, and orator; the renowned philosopher, John Locke; and archbishops and bishops innumerable, of whom it needs only to be said, that of Dr. Busby's pupils, sixteen were on the episcopal bench at one time!

\* Dr. Friend was head-master for twenty-two years, 1711-32.

"F. Y.," in an interesting paper on this school, gives the following account of one or two customs that deserve notice—

On Shrove-Tuesday the College cook, preceded by one of the vergers of the Abbey, enters the school and comes as far as a high iron bar, which stretches across the room from side to side, and formerly supported curtains which divided the upper school from the lower. The cook carries a frying-pan containing a pancake, which he tries to toss over the bar. If he proves successful in his attempt, the whole of the boys, who are assembled on the other side of the bar, scramble for the descending dainty, and the lad who is lucky enough to catch it and bear it in safety to the Dean, receives a sovereign from that dignitary.

On St. David's Day, Sir Watkins W. Wynn, M.P., who is himself an old Westminster, always comes into the school-room with a leek-leaf in his hat and asks the head master to grant the boys an "early play"—the Westminster term for a holiday. He concludes the ceremony by giving every Welsh boy in the school a sovereign.

The late Marquis of Lansdowne always asked for an early play on St. Patrick's Day, but he did not draw his purse-strings in favour of the Irish boys. It is to be hoped the present Lord Lansdowne will follow Sir W. W. Wynn's most excellent example the next time St. Patrick's Day comes round, and that an English and Scottish peer may likewise be found who will solicit an early play on the festival days of St. George and St. Andrew, and find a few slices of the root of all evil (and pleasure, too, by the way) for the boys belonging to their respective nationalities.

A stroll along the dark passage under the schoolroom brings us to the Cloisters, which lead to the abbey and the college-hall, and inclose a grass plat known as "Fighting Green."

A fight is not of frequent occurrence in the present day, but if any pair of pugnacious Westminsters wish to commit assault and battery on each other's persons, it is an understood thing that the duel must come off before eight o'clock in the morning, after which time they cannot expect, as an Irishman would say, "to fight in peace." A fight used to be a glorious treat in former days, as it may be now, perhaps, and any one who tried to stop it, without being armed with due authority within the precincts to do so, generally came to signal grief.

One day, when the late Dr. Buckland was Dean and Lord John Thynne the sub-Dean, news reached the High Bailiff of Westminster that a Kilkenny-cat affair was going on in Fighting Green. The High Bailiff, who was fond of airing his authority, rushed to the cloisters, and ordered the combatants to unclench their fists and wash their noses; but claret enough had not been spilt to satisfy the delighted lookers-on, and one of the group boldly asked the High Bailiff who he was, and what he wanted. Having proclaimed his style and authority, he again ordered the cessation of the combat, when the Westminster spokesman thus curtly addressed him—

"Now, I tell you what. We don't care whether you're the High Bailiff or not. All we know is that you're not the Dean, nor the Headmaster, and, being neither, can have no authority here. If you don't go about your business before I can say 'Jack Robinson,' we'll tear you in pieces, and stick the bits of your carcase on those spikes."

Having no taste for martyrdom, the High Bailiff beat a retreat, and went and told the sub-Dean of what had been threatened him.

"Well," said Lord Thynne, when he had heard him out, "I'm glad you came away when you did; for, if the boys said they would tear you to pieces, you may depend upon it they would have done it!"

The dining-hall is a fine old room, with armorial bearings. It is furnished with massive tables and chairs said to have been made out of the timbers of the vessels of a portion of the Spanish Armada, and holes are shown in the tables supposed to have been made by English cannon-balls.

I had almost forgotten to mention, but at the present moment perhaps it is a fitting conclusion, that three Field-Marshal of England—Lord Raglan, Lord Combermere, and the Marquis of Anglesey, were educated at the "Great School" of Westminster.

## IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE.

A FEW years before work actually began on the Northern Pacific Railway, but at a time when it was being talked about as an enterprise that would certainly be carried through, I determined, with two young friends, who, like myself, were anxious to find a good place for investment, to cross the continent from the head-waters of Lake Superior to Puget's Sound on the Pacific.

Our intention was to follow as near the line of the proposed road as possible, and to note carefully the agricultural advantages of the country in connection with its mineral resources.

We organised at Superior City, though our outfit was not very extensive, as the party was small.

Two wagons, filled with supplies and articles for barter with the Indians, whom we expected to meet, and horses for ourselves and cook, constituted our train.

I was familiar enough with the necessities of the trip to feel assured this was all that was necessary.

My friends were Julian Whitchurch and Henry S. Brougham, both as brave, earnest, and cultured gentlemen as I ever had for companions in my life.

They knew nothing of "wild life," as they considered existence on the plains or in the mountains beyond, so that they were as eager and anxious about the trip as boys.

They had fishing rods and rifles and knives and pistols for every kind of game, and they read every book they could find that said anything about the country, and wore out several maps studying its geography, though all the maps of that region at that time were as purely works of imagination as the records of "Gulliver's Travels."

I had never travelled across the continent on this parallel, but my experience in the Far West made me certain of its general characteristics.

Our cook was a very remarkable black man. He had been the body servant of a prominent public official, and hence was something of a politician—indeed, he considered himself a very superior and highly-cultured specimen of the American variety of that article.

He was a perfect budget of trite maxims, whose commonplace became bearable by his genius for misquoting, and his constant effort to improve upon them. He was rich in the songs and hymns in which his people delight, and he could sing them very well, but he had the knack of mixing up the sacred and secular, that was unintentional, and therefore very ludicrous. Patsy, that was the misnomer of our black man, though Brougham vowed that our cook spoke with an Irish accent; but be that as it may, he was a capital cook, and I never saw him out of humour but once, the reason for which I shall presently explain.

We reached the Red River of the North without adventure or mishap, and here engaged a guide to accompany us as far as the Columbian River, from which point I anticipated no difficulty in working my way to Olympia, in Washington Territory.

We struck the buffalo country in August, and as the only game we had seen so far were antelopes in the far distance, rabbits that ran out of range, and prairie-dogs that refused to be shot, Whitchurch and Brougham were wild with excitement, and went in to kill buffalo pell-mell. This thing of riding into a herd of buffalo, that dash across the plains with lowered heads, hanging tongues and flashing eyes, is no child's play.

The ground is so honeycombed with prairie-dog and coyote burrows, that a horse and rider, no matter how good, if unaccustomed to it, are in constant danger of going down, and a strange horse is always so alarmed at the sight of the buffalo that it is next to impossible to get within pistol-shot.

My friends were not, therefore, successful in the first hunt, but Paul, our half-bred guide, shot a splendid animal, and consoled my friends by assuring them that a little practice would make them as fine buffalo-hunters as could be found in the Northwest, and this compliment encouraged them. Indeed, subsequent events proved that Paul was a veritable prophet.

In September we reached the mountains, and here our work was to begin in earnest. The Crows were at peace with the whites, but we learned it was dangerous for so small a party as ours to travel in that country at that time, as bands of the young braves, not only from the Crows, but also from the Nez Perce and Sioux, were out, ostensibly hunting, but in fact, committing depredations, killing and scalping every white man they came across.

When we heard this news we held a council in our camp, for, while personally I was in favour of pushing on, I wished to defer to my friends, who knew nothing about Indian fighting, and, for the matter of that, nothing about fighting at all.

Paul, the guide, thought we could get on safely by exercising proper vigilance, and, as he was personally well known to the Indians, he felt sure he could prevent their attacking our party if we could only set up a truce with them.

Whitchurch and Brougham were not only willing, but anxious, to go ahead, and I felt relieved by their decision.

Patsy had listened to our conversation during the council, and a short time afterward I heard him saying to one of the teamsters—

"We's a gwine inter de den ob lions, my feller citizens, an' da's no backin' out. Taint for myself I now raise my voice in dis meeting. No, banish dat observation."

"Well, who are you raisin' of your voice for, then, Patsy?" asked the amused teamster.

"For de white men ob de party. I'll suffab, my countrymen, like de chillen in de fish, what's in de prophets of old, but, like dem, my brethren, my har won't be singed."

"Why, what do you mean, Patsy?"

"I mean we're all a gwine ter be killed an' scalped—all save me—dey can't scalp dis chile, kase why I need not say, an' may de Lord hab mercy on yer souls."

This judicial ending to Patsy's prophecy was so ludicrous that I could not help discovering myself by a loud and hearty laugh.

As I turned away, I heard Patsy muttering something about—

"When de wicked stop dar trouble, and de tired folks am at rest."

About ten days after this, we were encamped on a tributary of the Yellowstone that bore the suggestive name of Scalp Creek.

The country was interesting, and we decided to remain on the creek for a week or two, while we examined the volcanic hills and beautiful valleys in the vicinity.

Fortunately, as we thought, there was no sign of Indians in the vicinity, so, instead of moving in one body, we divided into three parties, that is, if the two teamsters, left in charge of the camp, be called one party. Whitchurch and Brougham, the latter a first-rate geologist, went with Paul, the guide, and I took, in my separate explorations, the philosophic Patsy.

One day—by the bye, it was to have been the last of our stay at Scalp Creek—I started with Patsy to examine a range of hills about seven miles from the camp. We took a cooked dinner in our haversacks, as we did not expect to get back before night.

We were both well armed with rifles and pistols, but each morning Patsy would protest that he was a non-combatant, and that it was just throwing arms away for him to carry them.

"For," he would reason, "I neber could shoot and keep my eyes open at one an' de same time. De only danjab in dem tings is, dat if I carries 'em' I may shoot myself, an' if I'se killed, de Injuns won't know I couldn't shoot. Dey'll tink I'se a great warrior 'mong de ten thousand, an' altogedder lubbly. So dey'll hack me up pretty bad afore dey leave me alone in my glory, like de yellah rose ob Texas, what's bloomin' alone."

Despite this, I insisted on my companion's going armed, and subsequent events proved Patsy and I were both right.

We remained in the hills till the sun was well down, but leaving us ample time to get back to camp before it was dark; so we started, delighted with our success, but not a little fatigued by the day's hard work.

We entered a deep ravine, or canon, that led out to Scalp Creek, about six miles below the camp, and I was in the lead, carefully watching

the ground from force of habit, as we walked along.

A green weed that had been lately uprooted attracted my attention, and, after examining it, I came to the conclusion that it had been pulled up within an hour. Had it been done by an animal, it would have been trampled or eaten, but I saw that it had been pulled from the side of the rift at an elevation as high as a man's hand would reach as he clung to the rocks for support while making his way over the boulders underneath.

I said nothing to Patsy about my discovery, but now kept my eyes in front or searching the cliffs above.

We had gone to within about a hundred and fifty yards of Scalp Creek, and already we could see it through the rocky defile, when an unearthly yell, accompanied by a shower of arrows, came from foes whom I could not see; but, from the direction of the missiles, I knew they were in front.

"Get back, Patsy!" I shouted, pointing to a rock about thirty feet behind, that nearly blocked up the passage.

He obeyed me with astonishing alacrity, but I never can forget the look of overwhelming horror in his face as he turned to run back.

"Is dey Injuns, sah?" he asked, as he rubbed his head and turned his protruding eyes on me.

"Yes, man; get your rifle ready!" I shouted, and at the same moment catching a glimpse of a feathered black head above the rocks in front, I raised my Spencer rifle and fired.

My shot was answered by another yell, and at the same time a dozen bullets struck the rocks about me.

We were effectually cut off, and, judging the number of Indians in front by the explosion of their rifles and the discharge of their arrows, I concluded it would be impossible for our friends to render us immediate aid, even if aware of our danger.

Behind us were a number of loose boulders, and while I watched the opening near the creek, I called out to the trembling Patsy to roll the rocks up, so as to make a barricade in the narrow pass. This was something Patsy could comprehend, and being a stout fellow, he at once went to work, and, in less than twenty minutes, the rocks were as high as his head.

"Dar, Muss Costlah, dat's done; now let dis servant lie down an' purpay-ah foh death."

Patsy dropped on his knees, and assumed the attitude of an Ethiopian martyr. But if he could not or would not shoot, it struck me I could utilize him by making him keep the arms loaded.

It was now sundown; I could see the last rays gilding the snow-peaks away in the distance, and, as may be supposed, the approach of darkness increased my alarm, for it added to the danger of our situation.

I had just told Patsy to place his rifle and pistol where I could reach them, and that he must at once reload the arms I laid down, when again the Nez Perce and Crow war-whoops echoed through the defile, and, looking out, I saw the painted braves coming toward me at a run.

The rift was so narrow that they were forced to push on in single file, while a few warriors from precarious positions on the steep, flanking rocks, tried to cover the advance.

I trembled with fear and excitement, and only by a strong effort of will could I control my weapon so as to make sure of my aim. I had seven loads in my repeating rifle, and, waiting till the nearest brave was within twenty yards, I opened fire. I am astonished now at the rapidity with which I sent the seven balls into the howling enemy.

"Load, Patsy!"

I dropped my rifle and took up his, but to my horror I found it would not work. It was as useless as so much wood. Fortunately, my revolvers were near, and with one in each hand I opened fire again.

The line staggered, broke, and then, yelling like demons, the warriors ran back or threw themselves on their faces. I had breathing time to reload, and though never addicted to the vulgar and immoral habit of profanity, I could not on this occasion, resist hurling an imprecation at the cowering Patsy. All the weapons were out of order, and I had no time to correct his bungling.

While I was making these preparations, a num-

ber of Indians ascended to the summits of the cliffs on either side. Their object in doing so at once became apparent, for in a short time they began to hurl the detached rocks and logs of wood down on the spot where we were supposed to be.

So close did these thundering, giant missiles come, that the splinters tore my clothing and cut me severely about the face, while a fragment from one of them struck Patsy on the head, and with the blood pouring over his face he rolled over at my feet.

I dragged him into a little angle, and expecting every moment to be my last, I waited without hope, though I clutched my pistols in desperation.

From my position I had a view down as far as the creek, and though it was nearly dark, I could see there was no renewal of the attempt to attack from that quarter; still the stones came down, and one of them struck my left arm, and it fell powerless by my side. This, added to the loss of blood from the cuts in my head and face, made me so weak that it was only with the greatest difficulty I could remain on my feet.

I became dark, pitchy dark, and never for an instant did the torrent of stones cease.

I felt sick and giddy. I was parched with thirst, but even if the foe were to withdraw I was powerless to leave my position. I do not know how the time went by.

Once I imagined I heard low voices outside the barricade and up the defile, and I emptied a chamber of my pistol in each direction, when the whispering ceased, and the hurling of the rocks was renewed.

I thought Patsy was dead; but sometime during the night—the whole time is misty like a half-remembered dream—I thought I heard him mutter—

"I'se dead, an' I'm put in de dark, my feller-citizens, fo' my body's in de cole", calm groun'."

I have an indistinct recollection of firing my pistol several times after this, then comes a blank, not one incident of which can I recall till day-light.

When I awoke, or, rather, returned to consciousness, I could not believe my eyes or ears. The Indians were still yelling, and a rifle was blazing away close to me.

I looked up, and there stood Patsy, like a black Hercules, guarding the pass. He looked down at me, and his big eyes grew larger and whiter as he gasped—

"Bress de Lor'; yeh ain't done gone yet! Yeh see, Mause Costlah, somebody had ter fight, and dar wan't nobody luffed but me. So I'se pegging away!"

So saying, he raised his rifle, and let drive like a veteran.

Like myself, he was covered with blood, and the sight of it made him stronger.

I staggered to my feet and looked up the ravine, from which now came the sharp rattle of rifles and the terrific yells of the Indians.

They were attacking us on every side.

I took up my rifle in my right hand, and determined to die fighting the fiends, whom I expected to see every second.

While I was listening, I heard cheers blending with the yells, but they came from the opposite direction, and, looking toward Scalp Creek, I saw Paul, the guide, with Whitchurch and Brougham, running toward me.

The momentary strength that came to me when I supposed the end was at hand departed, and I had no recollection till I found myself in camp at the mouth of the ravine, to which point the wagons had been brought.

My friends told me they had been attacked the previous night, and hence could not search for me and Patsy. They repulsed the Indians, and knowing the direction I had taken the day before, they broke camp and started on the search, with the result already stated.

The Indians were badly punished and driven off; still, on account of my broken arm, we turned back to Fort Benton, where we remained all winter.

The following Spring we started again, and went through successfully; but a curious thing about the adventure was, that Patsy, from being a timid non-combatant, at once became the most warlike of beings, and never was so delighted as when there was a prospect of a brush with the Indians.

## THE YOUNG SCOUTS.

*A Tale of the American Revolution.*

### CHAPTER XCVI.

THROUGH BY DAYLIGHT.

WHEN the canoes started, that of Colonel Butler was last of all.

Only a few strokes were taken when the warrior injured his hand in some way, and stopped paddling for a moment while he examined it.

It was only for a second or two that he did this, when he dipped his paddle again, and resumed the progress of the boat.

But brief as was the period, it resulted in placing his canoe a rod further behind the others.

Heading down stream in this manner, the other boats were in plain view of Rosa Minturn, who, perched in the stern, watched their progress ahead of her.

She had noticed the tree elsewhere described, and she saw the first boat pass beneath it, where the trunk was so low that the warriors were compelled to incline their heads to prevent their touching.

A few seconds after, the second boat did the same, and she watched the approach of their own craft.

Before her own canoe reached the point, the first boat was opposite the rock, and headed out in the river for the other shore.

Colonel Butler had not spoken after his growl at the warrior, but sat looking down the current at the other two boats, while he occasionally glanced back at the maiden near him, while she in turn studiously avoided meeting his eye.

On one of the occasions, when he was gazing at the leading boat, as it turned out into the stream, the warrior inclined himself toward her, as he thrust his paddle into the stream, so that his face was brought close to that of the captive.

The latter noticed the singular action and looked questioningly at him.

For just one second he fixed his black eyes on her, and muttered, in a low, quick voice—

"Watch tree!"

Then he dipped his paddle as before, and did not look at her again.

Rosa was quick-witted, and knowing, as she did, the peculiar relations between this Iroquois and Lena-Wingo, she was half-expecting something of the kind, and she divined his meaning on the instant.

The words were no more than fairly spoken, when Butler turned his head and looked back, as if his suspicion was awakened.

But he saw nothing to justify any misgivings.

A second after he was compelled to bow his head, to escape being grazed by the tree of which mention has been made several times.

Then came the Indian's turn, and then Rosa's.

Just as she was in the act of leaning forward, something like a human hand was thrust down from the thick vegetation of the tree.

As she was expecting it, she partly rose, so as to allow the dusky arm to be thrust beneath her own, when she was lifted out of the canoe as though she were but an infant.

Colonel Butler felt the swaying of the boat, caused by the sudden withdrawal of her weight, and he turned, wondering what the cause could be.

He was just in time to catch sight of the figure of Lena Wingo, the Mohawk, hurrying along the bushy trunk of the over-hanging tree, bearing the form of Rosa Minturn in his arms.

"——!" he screeched, leaping to his feet. "Look there! Don't you see that—Mohawk running off with the woman? Quick! Shoot him! Run the canoe into shore! There ain't a second to be lost! Hello, yonder!" he added, gesticulating desperately to the other canoes that had stopped, as though the occupants did not understand the cause of the excitement. "Back with you! He'll be in Wilkesbarre before you get ashore."

At this instant those in advance comprehended what had been done.

They headed towards shore, which was but a short distance off, paddling with such vigour that they touched land with a few powerful strokes.

Glimpses of the Mohawk could be caught as he skilfully fought his way over the tree, where it was a difficult matter to move with the burden in his arms, on account of the luxuriance of the vines and vegetation which enveloped the trunk.

At the same time that Colonel Butler uttered his words of alarm, his Iroquois companion muttered an exclamation of anger, struck the paddle deep into the water, and headed toward shore, as if with the purpose of cutting off the Mohawk before he could reach it.

"Why don't you shoot him?" demanded the Tory, who was beside himself and in danger of capsizing the little vessel. "He is close by, and you cannot miss him."

The warrior backed water instantly, so as to hold the canoe stationary, and to permit him to make his aim sure.

Then he quickly raised his gun, and aimed straight at the figure hurrying over the log.

Only for an instant, though, for he lowered it again.

"What's the matter?" shrieked the infuriated Tory. "Why don't you fire?"

"Hit girl—not kill Mohawk."

"Who cares if you do hit her? I would rather she should be shot than get away. Let me have your gun."

And reaching forward, he snatched the weapon from the grasp of the Indian and pointed it at the couple, who were not twenty yards distant.

All this took place in a few seconds from the time the maiden was lifted bodily from the canoe and carried off.

The distance from this point to where the woods were sufficiently dense to afford shelter was so short that, in spite of the undergrowth, it took the Mohawk but the briefest space to reach it, so that it was necessary that things should be made to move lively.

Colonel Butler had but a flash of time in which to aim at the couple who were struggling for the cover of the forest.

He would as lief shoot the maiden as not; and, indeed, much rather so than see her escape.

Aiming directly at the fugitive and his burden, and caring not whether he killed the maid or the man, or both, he pulled the trigger.

### CHAPTER XCVII.

CONCLUSION.

A SECOND rifle flashed in the pan that day.

Following the pressure upon the trigger by Colonel Butler came the hissing puff which told the story of the fizzle, and, realising the escape of the daring Mohawk scout with his burden, the Tory angrily howled with rage, flung the useless weapon from him far out into the river, cursing himself that he had failed to bring another gun into the canoe with him.

Had any one been looking into the face of the Iroquois at that instant, he would have detected a strange expression which flitted over it like the flash of sunshine which sometimes darts through a passing cloud.

Through the paint it had the appearance of a sort of self-satisfied grin.

And the whole thing added confirmation to the suspicion that there was an understanding between the Mohawk and this Iroquois, brought about during that interview in the wood already referred to.

But events were moving along with bewildering rapidity.

Scarcely bad Colonel Butler in his blind rage hurled the rifle into the Susquehanna when the canoe touched shore, the Iroquois sprang out and with an exclamation of anger started in pursuit of the flying fugitives.

Only a few seconds behind him were the other redskins, so that in a twinkling the whole party was ashore, and in full chase. Ned Clinton and



JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE WHITE HUNTER FROM THE SAVAGE BOAR, LENA-WINGO APPEARED.

Jo Minturn, in their concealment, heard all these sounds and saw the Mohawk dart by them supporting Rosa, and travelling with the speed of a deer.

The next instant the form of an Iroquois was seen speeding along, and only a short distance behind.

The gun of Jo was raised when Ned knocked it aside before the aim could be made certain.

"Don't shoot him! that's a friend; he's the same one that Lena-Wingo had the talk with."

"All right; there comes another; I s'pose I can drop him?"

"Yes; pick off all that come after, if you can."

Bang! went the gun before the words were fairly out of the mouth of the young scout, and down went the Indian.

Bang! went the gun of the second youth, and a second redskin dropped.

Then the two began reloading as fast as they could.

The moment was a critical one; unless they could send in another shot, the enemy would know that there were but two of them, and would make an attack from which there would be no escape.

At this instant, the Iroquois warrior who had led the others came rushing back with all the speed of which he was capable.

As he reached Colonel Butler and the rest of his comrades, he called out in a suppressed voice, and with the appearance of one under great excitement, that a party from Wilkesbarre were coming and were close at hand!

Colonel Butler heard the startling announcement, and he headed the stampede for the canoes, muttering a series of oaths and imprecations, which we dare not record, for fear of scorching the paper!

Reaching the shore of the river, the Indians bounded into the boats in greater haste than they had shown since entering the valley.

And before they were fairly in position, the paddles were going, and the redskins rowed desperately for the other shore, continually looking back and expecting the appearance of a party of patriots on the bank.

In case they did show themselves, the Iroquois were sure of a murderous volley from them; hence they strained every nerve to get across before the volley should come.

At the same time they held themselves in readiness to fire upon the whites the very moment they should appear.

But the seconds passed, and nothing of the kind took place.

It was not long before the other shore was reached and the warriors, with the Tory leader, sprang ashore and lost no time in making their way to Forty Fort, which was some distance below the river.

While this was going on, a small party were proceeding in a leisurely manner to Wilkesbarre.

Lena-Wingo had run a short distance at the highest bent of his speed, when he discovered the stampede, almost at the instant it began.

He stopped as suddenly in his flight as if he were shot.

And when Rosa uttered an expression of alarm at this, he told her that all danger was gone.

A moment after he summoned the young scouts to join them—using the familiar whistle as his signal.

It may well be supposed that the reunion of the members of the party was of the most joyous nature.

They had been through peril and suffering of the most frightful character during the last few days, but here they were without a scratch as a memento of the fray.

When Jo Minturn had embraced and kissed his sister again and again, while the tears of joy stood in his eyes, he released her and turned to his young friend.

"Ned, if you think anything of her, give her a good hug and kiss."

It was bliss indeed for the young scout to throw his arms around the maiden, whose face was as crimson as his own, while he pressed her to his heart.

And Rosa Minturn showed no resentment at the whole proceeding!

And while he held her so close to his heart, he whispered—

"My own dearest Rosa, I love you!"  
And even then she showed no anger.

On the contrary, the downcast eyes and the glowing face, and the whole manner, indeed, looked as if she was rather pleased than otherwise.

A half-hour after the party entered Wilkesbarre, and the dangers for the time were over.

On the same day, Colonel Butler withdrew his Tories, soldiers, and Indians from Wyoming Valley.

The bones of the victims of that memorable massacre were allowed to bleach and whiten in the valley until the following October, when the patriot Colonel Butler, who had returned in August, ordered them to be gathered and buried.

This was done, the bodies being taken up with pitchforks and placed in one common grave.

Something more than half a century later, a beautiful monument was erected over the remains of the patriots who fell on that occasion, which has given the name of Wyoming Valley a fame that shall last for all time to come.

Of the deeds of the young scouts, and especially of Ned Clinton, this is not the place to speak at length.

The two fought together in the Revolutionary war, rendering their country service which entitled them to be enshrined among the noble band of patriots that carried the flag of freedom safely through gloom and defeat to the fulness of glory and triumph.

Lena-Wingo, the Mohawk, was equally efficient in his own peculiar way, frequently befriending the whites in similar manner to the episode represented in our illustration.

Ned Clinton and his wife have long since slept in the valley, but the generations that have followed hold their names in affectionate reverence, and in that day for which all other days were made will rise up and call them blessed.

THE END.



ANDY AND THE CROCKERY CAME DOWN WITH A CLATTER TOGETHER.

## SHADRACH O'CONNOR, THE BRAVE IRISH BOY

### CHAPTER XII.

OUR HERO INTERRUPTS A LIVELY LITTLE TUSSLE BETWEEN TWO GENTLEMEN OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER.

TRULY, the two boys were both in a woful plight.

Their clothes were torn, their faces, hands, and bodies cut and bruised.

Stephen, besides, had only one boot—for had not he shied the other at the smuggler?—and this he took off, and threw away.

Shadrach's arm, however, was much better now.

Though stiff, it pained him but little, for the salt water had dried up the wound.

Over more than one heather-clad hill they wearily plodded.

Then they again sat down to rest.

All was solitude.

Not a sign of a human being or habitation could be seen.

Still, our hero was familiar with the spot.

Often had he spent his idle hours there, pondering over Dennis's cruelty to him, and brooding over his unknown parentage.

Naturally, therefore, similar thoughts came into his mind now.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Stephen, who had been closely watching him.

"Sure I feel very sad, like ye did, agrah, jist now."

"Why?" again put in Stephen, mainly for want of something else to say.

"I was thinking," began our hero.

His good sense, however, telling him that that was no time for giving way to grief, he suddenly stopped, and added—

"But, faith, we shall have many things to tell wan another by-and-by, I'm thinkin', so we'll have it all to then, and meanwhile thyr our best to get to the village. Come, aroon!"

Once more the two lads plodded over the hills.

Their progress was but slow, and few their words.

At length Shadrach's eyes brightened.

For the first time he remembered that the beautiful girl whose life he had saved had exacted a promise from him that he would come up to the "big hoose" that very day.

Yes, he would give her an opportunity of showing her gratitude.

He would go to her at once.

Stephen and he, friendless and homeless as they were, would go to her together.

"Faith, it's not to the village we'll go at all, at all," exclaimed the lad, turning to Stephen, who was painfully plodding at his side. "We'll be after payin' a visit to the castle."

Stephen looked at him in surprise.

"The castle!" repeated he; "what castle?"

"Whoi, the big house up there," pointing straight ahead.

Stephen was more puzzled than before.

"And why will you go to it?" he asked again.

In a few words, Shadrach described to his companion how he had saved the young lady's life, and then altering their course they made direct for the house in question.

Shadrach especially felt lighter of heart as he walked along.

The young girl's face—that sweet face that for some reason or other seemed so familiar to him—filled his thoughts and gave elasticity to his steps.

It was not long before they came in sight of their destination.

A noble mansion it was, though so isolated.

The park-like grounds strangely contrasted with the rugged hills that surrounded them on all sides.

Some quarter of a mile from the mansion itself was a peculiarly shaped hut, built half under the ground.

Shadrach and Stephen had to pass close to it.

At first they thought that it was untenanted, but on approaching nearer they heard angry voices proceeding from its interior.

They stopped and listened.

The next moment a girl's voice cried for help.

There was no mistaking the voice, either.

It sent a strange thrill through our hero, for it was the voice of her he had saved from a watery grave—the voice of her he had come to see.

Without a moment's hesitation, he rushed down the steps leading to the door, and looked in.

The young lady, pale with fear, was standing in the middle of the little room, wringing her hands, while the man he knew as Mr. Jackson was struggling with an old lame soldier in a corner.

Just as Shadrach peeped in, Jackson snatched up an empty bottle and attempted to strike his opponent with it, when, taking him by the throat, the old soldier shook him violently.

Unable to restrain himself, our hero, followed by Stephen, stepped boldly in.

### CHAPTER XIII.

A STRANGE INTERVIEW, WHICH PUZZLES OUR WORTHY FRIEND ANDY O'BYRNE CONSIDERABLY.

It is high time we returned to Lady Seaforth and her laughing-eyed protector, Andy.

Onward they bowed in the jaunting-car along the hedge-lined road—onward again in silence.

More and more agitated became my lady as they proceeded.

Her whole manner showed how ill she was at ease.

Twirling the fingers of her little kid-gloved hands, she kept moving restlessly in her seat, all the time casting anxious glances, as before, now on this side, now on that.

Could it be, too, that those were tears glistening in her eyes?

Certainly, it seemed very like it, else why did my lady so hastily turn her head away when Andy turned round?

"Yer ladyship," began the jolly farmer.

"Yes, Mr. O'Byrne," was the low reply.

"Sure, I've been thinkin', yer ladyship, that ef ye prifer it, I could drive ye home by the lake. Thin, maybe, ye wouldn't be afther seein' this blackguardly relation ov yours, bad luck to him!"

A deathly paleness instantly came into Lady Seaforth's face.

She trembled, too, violently.

"No, no!" replied she, quickly, in vain endeavouring to hide her agitation, "I pray you go straight on. I—I—"

My lady paused, while Andy flicked the horse in a thoughtful way.

"No, Mr. O'Byrne," continued she, in a tremulous, frightened voice: "the fact is, I can not bear to go near that spot now. In my young days I was—was nearly drowned there."

"Indade, yer ladyship," ejaculated Andy, earnestly. "Faith, it wud have been a mighty pity ef ye had been, I'm thinkin'. A purty face like—"

What with the beer he had imbibed, and the peculiar position he had been so unexpectedly placed in, Andy O'Byrne was becoming exuberant, if not exactly loving.

A slightly-reproachful glance from Lady Seaforth brought him, however, in a moment, to his senses, and he turned to his steed again, thoroughly abashed, his jolly-looking face as red as a beetroot.

"Drive a little faster, Mr. O'Byrne," said my ladyship, by-and-by, as they were passing a thick cluster of trees on their right. "I am so anxious to get home, and, do you know, I think there was no cause for my alarm after all. How nervous we women are, to be sure! Perhaps—and I sincerely hope it was so—perhaps, I say, it was all a mistake on my part; but I could have sworn that the man who frightened my horse just outside the village was the one I spoke of, and I felt that if that was the case, he would be sure to waylay me going back."

My lady had uttered these words quickly and nervously, and just as she had finished and Andy was on the point of saying something in response, there stepped out, right before them, from the cluster of trees, a man.

Lady Seaforth at once caught sight of him.

A stifled scream escaped her.

Andy, on his part, lashed the horse furiously, and doubtless would have driven past had not the stranger caught hold of the bridle, and in a loud angry voice, shouted—

"Stop!"

"Lave go!" yelled the jolly farmer, brandishing his whip threateningly. "Lave go, or I'll bate yer ugly skull to paces!"

For answer, the man made a snatch at the whip, but, missing it, Andy was about to bring it heavily down upon him when Lady Seaforth caught his arm.

"Stop—stop, Mr. O'Byrne!" exclaimed she, tearfully. "Stop—stop! You know what you promised."

Thus exhorted, the farmer made no further show of fight, but sat glaring at the stranger with an expression anything but amicable.

That individual doffed his hat with mock politeness, and, turning to Lady Seaforth, said—

"So, so, your ladyship, you have got a protector, I see. A right gallant knight he seems, too."

Andy could not stand the sneering tone. In an instant he again raised his whip.

A struggle would, no doubt, have immediately followed had not her ladyship a second time interfered.

"I pray you never mind what he says," she cried, turning to Andy.

Then, looking at the stranger with flashing eyes, yet with fear in her countenance, she went on—

"And now, sir, what do you want with me? Let this interview be as short as possible I needn't tell you it is not a very pleasant one."

The man gave a cruel chuckle.

"Not very pleasant, isn't it?" repeated he, still keeping hold of the bridle. "Ha, ha! I presume it isn't, my lady, for you. You didn't expect to see me again so soon, did you? But with me, you see, it is different. I love to look upon a comely female like you. Besides, it puts me in mind of old times—of a time when—"

"Oh, hush, hush!" exclaimed Lady Seaforth, appealingly.

The stranger gave a sinister smile.

"Ah! I see," he went on; "you would still keep some things a secret. Well, so you shall, provided you pay me well. Do you hear, my lady?—pay me well."

"What—what would you have?" asked Lady Seaforth, eagerly.

Leaving go of the horse's head, and stepping close up to the jaunting-car, the man replied in slow, ominous tones—

"Five hundred pounds, your ladyship—five hundred pounds; and I must have it, too, for I am harder up than ever."

Lady Seaforth bit her ruby lips with fear and vexation, while Andy opened his eyes wider and wider with astonishment as the conversation proceeded.

"You will ruin me—ruin me!" wailed she, as the tears welled to her eyes. "And didn't you promise never to trouble me again? Oh, how can you be so cruel? If only for—"

"There, don't let us have a scene," interrupted the man, sneeringly. "You know I can't bear to see a woman in tears; it touches my heart, I assure you!"

Unable to restrain herself any longer, Lady Seaforth rose from her seat indignantly.

"Your heart!" she cried, fixing her large blue orbs upon him. "Your heart! Villain, you have none! No, I cannot—I will not put up with your threats. Lord Seaforth shall know all the moment he returns. I would sooner die than continue this living lie!"

Then, reseating herself, she went on ere the man had recovered from his surprise—

"Mr. O'Byrne, drive on, pray. It is high time that an end were put to this."

"So I'm after thinkin', yer ladyship," returned the Irishman; "and sure, if ye'll on'y say the word, I'll give that dirty blackguard there as complete a thrashing as ivir he had in the whole of his life—and, faith, if he hasn't had as many as I could count on my tin fingers, he's been wonderful fortunate. Oye say the word, yer ladyship."

Saying which, the valiant Andy, notwithstanding that he was quite half-a-foot shorter than the stranger, shot an angry glance of defiance at him, and waited for her ladyship's reply, every movement of his wiry body clearly showing that he was in hope it would be in the affirmative.

For all the grief and excitement she was in, Lady Seaforth could not help smiling at the farmer's vehemence.

"No—no; let us have no blows," said she, hastily. "Drive on, Mr. O'Byrne, I pray you. I shall never forget your kindness."

Ere, however, Andy could obey, the stranger again caught hold of the horse's head.

He was white with passion now.

"What!" he yelled, grinding his teeth; "do you dare to defy me?—me who have you in his power! Rash fool, before another hour is over, you shall be in—"

"Mercy—mercy!" cried Lady Seaforth, throwing up her hands.

At the words, the man instantly became as cool and cynical as ever.

Evidently he was a consummate actor.

"Ho, ho!" chuckled he, "I thought I'd frighten you—I thought I'd frighten you, my lady. And now, listen. I must have that five hundred pounds this very night. Are you agreeable?" he added, with a wicked leer.

Her ladyship wrung her little dimpled hands in despair.

Then, with a great sigh, she said—

"Yes, villain, the money shall be yours—but on one condition only."

"And what is that, my sensible Lady Seaforth?" asked the man, with another wicked leer.

Her ladyship had grown strangely calm.

She was obviously determined to bring things to a climax.

"That you will swear never to see me or threaten me again," was her reply. "And remember this, that in any case, come what may, not another farthing shall you have from me. I would sooner—sooner—"

Hesitating, she cast a quick anxious glance at Andy O'Byrne, the puzzled expression on whose rubicund countenance was ludicrous in its intensity, and then went on, determine dly.

"Yes, villain, after to-night you may do your worst. I defy you! Tell everything, if you feel so disposed—tell everything if, ingrate that you are, you think I have not sufficiently paid for your silence."

The man bowed mock-politely.

"Really, your ladyship," returned he, "you are a remarkable woman. I declare you would make your fortune on the stage, so great is your power of elocution. But let us to business; I will take the oath, and a dozen more if you like—it is immaterial to me. Now, how about the money?"

For answer, Lady Seaforth drew out her pocket-book, and, after writing a few lines on one of the pages, tore it out, and handed it to the man, saying—

"Take this—my banker will duly honour it; take it, and may I never set eyes upon you again!"

"A thousand thanks, my lady," said the man, sneering—"a thousand thanks."

Then, turning on his heel, he disappeared amongst the trees, as suddenly as he had come.

Completely lost now in wonder and amaze, Andy spoke not a word for some seconds, while Lady Seaforth sank back in her seat with a low cry of relief.

"Sure, yer ladyship," at length exclaimed the half-dumfounded Irishman, looking at the poor woman pityingly—"sure, yer ladyship, it's surprised I am intirely. Ef ye'd on'y asked me now, wouldn't I have strangled the cowardly gosson."

The words aroused Lady Seaforth from the reverie into which she had evidently fallen.

"Pray, pray drive on, Mr. O'Byrne," said she sadly. "Miserable wretch that I am, little did I think, when I asked you to drive me home, that you would have witnessed this strange scene—a scene so full of intensest pain to me."

"No, I had flattered myself—I had flattered myself, that when that villain saw I was not alone, he would refrain from accosting me, though so faint was the hope, I had, as you know, prepared you for the meeting. Heaven have pity on me! You have now learnt my secret, or, at least, more of it than I would have you know. Can you keep it, Mr. O'Byrne? Rest assured, you will not be the loser by doing so."

Cracking his whip, Andy urged on the horse.

"Faith," returned he, as he did so, "it's not meself would say a word to any wan, yer ladyship; and my heart is sore to think that an illigant lady like yerself should have any dallings wid such a great big rascal."

Lady Seaforth heaved a great sigh.

"Alas, alas!" she murmured abstractedly,

"how true it is we all have our secret miseries! Who would think that the wife of Lord Seaforth was such an unhappy woman as I!"

"Not a sowl, yer ladyship," replied Andy, in an emphatic tone; "not a sowl, I'm thinkin'."

The good-natured fellow was as sober as a judge by now, his recent wonder and excitement having dispelled all effects of Pat O'Gorman's toddy.

Therefore he was not quite so talkative as he had been.

Still, as he drove along, he thought a good deal.

Nor did he cease to think as he turned his steps homeward that night.

"Begorra, it's all a great big mystery," muttered he; "but sure I'm in luck's way, for hasn't me lady promised I shall pay no more rent if I only hou'd me tongue. Andy O'Byrne will be after doin' that same at the price, I'm thinkin', ef for no other reason. Hurroo, now!"

Had Andy only known who the man was of whom her ladyship went in such fear, he would probably have been still more puzzled.

Could it be that Lady Seaforth had mixed herself up with a gang of smugglers?

Surely not.

Yet appearances were against her.

For the man was none other than the smuggler captain, Walter Beverley?

Verily, as Andy declared, it was all a "great big mystery."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

LADY SEAFOORTH TAKES OUR HERO IN HAND, AND PROMISES TO MAKE "A GREAT MAN OF HIM."

As Shadrach, followed by Stephen, entered the but, the young girl gave a little cry of surprise.

"You here!" exclaimed she, in pleased tones, holding out her hand.

Then she started.

"Why—why, what's the matter?" she asked, observing the lad's pale and wretched appearance, "Are you ill?"

The entrance of our hero had been the signal for the old soldier and Jackson to cease hostilities, and ere he could reply both of them came up to him.

Very different, however, was the expression of their countenances.

The soldier looked simply curious.

Jackson, on the other hand, was flushed with anger.

Placing his hand roughly on Shadrach's shoulder, he asked—

"Who, boy, told you to come here? Go back to your father immediately. Do you hear?"

"Plain enough, sor!" returned our hero, returning the man's angry glance, "plain enough, sor. But sure I'll be after doing nothing ov the kind."

"Do not hurt him!" broke in the young lady, pleadingly. "I myself told him to come here, Sir Peter. The brave boy saved me from being drowned yesterday."

"Saved you from being drowned!" ejaculated Sir Peter, alias Jackson, starting violently. "Tell me—how?"

The young lady did so, and as she proceeded ever and anon cast a pitying glance at our hero.

Sir Peter bit his lips.

"Ho—ho! that's it, is it?" cried he.

Then, turning to Shadrach, he continued, sneeringly—

"Truly, you are a gallant young fellow! Dennis O'Connor ought to feel proud of having such a son."

"Sure, Sir Peter, or Mr. Jackson, or whatev ye may like call yerselv, Dennis O'Connor's no father ov mine at all, at all," returned our hero boldly and provokingly, for he felt that he had an enemy to deal with.

Sir Peter winced.

Instead, however, of taking any further notice of Shadrach, he looked towards the young lady, who was gazing at him inquiringly, and said—

"Ah! I see, Alice, you are bewildered. You think it strange that I should know this boy—your rescuer; but that's easily explained. His father has been collecting some curious sea-shells for me, and as I did not care about him knowing precisely who I was, I bade him call me Jackson."

The explanation was a lame one.

It was lamely expressed, too.

Shadrach, for one, instinctively felt that it was not true.

Here, then, was another mystery.

Having no cause for suspicion, the girl, however, seemed perfectly satisfied.

"I am glad you know him," she said, in a low sweet voice, "for now I shall ask you to use your influence with mamma to reward him generously. At the risk of his own life he saved mine, you know, and I shall never forget it."

Then, in a tone of deep concern, she continued—

"But tell me, Master—Master O'Connor, are you not ill? Have you not met with some accident? How white you are! Why, I declare there is blood on your clothes! What has taken place—what has taken place, poor boy?"

"Faith, a grats dale, me—me—"

"Call me Lady Alice," put in the young girl, seeing that our hero was at a loss how to address her.

"A great dale, Lady Alice, ye must know—"

And, with difficulty, for he was growing weaker and weaker from fatigue and for want of food, Shadrach narrated all the incidents that had taken place since he had saved her life.

Lady Alice listened with breathless interest.

More than once an exclamation of pity escaped her.

But on Sir Peter the recital had a more startling effect.

Had any one been closely watching him, he could not fail to have been struck with the strangeness of his manner.

He frowned, he clutched his fingers nervously, he paced slowly up and down, but all the time he lost not one word of what our hero said.

Especially excited was he when Shadrach repeated the dying woman's words.

So excited, in fact, that the lad suddenly stopped, and looked at him in wonder.

"What's the matter, sor?" asked he.

Sir Peter did not deign to answer.

He merely said, "Go on, boy—go on," and then fell to biting his lips till the blood nearly came.

Up to now Stephen had been silent, and had kept in the background.

But as Shadrach ceased his strange story, he gave vent to a cry of pain, and fell down insensible.

Lady Alice was bending over him the next moment.

"How thoughtless of me—how thoughtless of me to be sure!" she exclaimed, remorsefully. "I might have known that you both needed rest after your terrible trial."

"Sure, Lady Alice," returned our hero, "it's both food and slape we want."

"You shall have them at once," said the beautiful young girl. "Ha, see! he is recovering."

This was so. Stephen's eyes were slowly opening, and very soon he was on his feet again.

It was only a sudden faintness that had come over him.

The old soldier now spoke.

"Had not we better see the two poor boys to the castle, Alice?" asked he.

"Yes, yes, Captain Dagnell," responded the girl, hastily. "Don't let us lose another moment—that is," she added, roughly, "if you and Sir Peter have had your quarrel out. How foolish it is of you both to come to such high words! And then to proceed to blows, too! Really, it is shocking. I do wish you could manage to be friends."

The lame warrior shrugged his shoulders, while Sir Peter cast at him a glance of defiance.

"I am much afraid, Alice," remarked the latter, with a frown, "that we are not likely to take your advice. Captain Dagnell seems to delight in thwarting me in everything. I shall have to speak to Lord Seaforth about it when he returns."

"Speak as much as you like," muttered the Captain, gruffly. "I shall also have something to say to him."

"No more—no more, I pray you, uncles!" broke in the young girl.

Then, smiling, she added—

"But come—come to the Castle, brave boys. We will all go together."

The mansion was soon reached, when Shad-

rach and Stephen did ample justice, you may guess, to the substantial meal that was immediately put before them.

Immediately afterwards they retired to rest.

It was afternoon ere they awoke, when they found fresh clothes in the place of their old ones.

"Begorra," ejaculated our hero, "I felt certain sure the fine young lady would be after treating us kindly, sgrah—I was certain sure of it."

"What a pretty girl she is!" responded Stephen; "and she's as good as she is pretty, I'll wager."

When they went downstairs they found Lady Seaforth, with Sir Peter and her daughter, in the noble dining-room.

Most cordially did her ladyship receive them.

"Addressing Shadrach, she said—

"You are a brave, brave boy, and I will make a great man of you."

Then she gave a little start, and paused.

"What did you say his name was, Alice?" she asked.

"Shadrach O'Connor," was the response.

"Shadrach O'Connor?" repeated her ladyship.

"Yes, me lady," put in our hero—"that's the name I go by; but, sure, I don't think it's me real wan."

Her ladyship glanced at him quickly.

"What do you mean, my boy?" queried she.

"Well, axing yer ladyship's pardon," replied Shadrach, promptly, "I don't think it was the name of ayther me father or mother, but they call me after war O'Connor, who says he's me father, though I don't belave a word ov it."

Lady Seaforth seemed to take unusual interest in the lad's answers.

"But don't you remember anything about your real parents, then?" she asked once more.

"No, me lady."

"That is strange. How old are you?"

"Fifteen, I'm tould."

The reply brought a flush to her ladyship's fair face.

"Fifteen? Why—"

She stopped as she met Sir Peter's eye.

Then, in a kindly, yet less interested tone, she went on—

"Well, well, Shadrach, whatever may be your parentage, rest assured you have got a friend in me, as has your companion here," pointing to Stephen.

"It's mighty kind ye are, me lady," said Shadrach.

"Very, very kind," ejaculated Stephen, taking up the burden of thanks.

"No thanks, no thanks," interrupted Lady Seaforth.

And then they fell to talking as to the lads' future careers, Lady Seaforth determining to educate them at her own expense.

"As for the smugglers," added she, "information must at once be given to the police and excise concerning them. Sir Peter," she went on, "I rely on you to do this, though, doubles, it is now too late to make any arrests."

Sir Peter bowed.

"I will go immediately," he said, leaving the room.

And a few moments afterwards he set out from the castle.

There was an evil look on his countenance that boded no good to some one.

That some one was evidently our hero Shadrach.

For as he walked moodily along he muttered—

"Fiends and furies! to think that he should have turned up at the castle. I must look to it, or all that I have been striving for for years will be spoilt. Yes, I must get him out of the way—by fair means, if possible; if not, by foul!"

(To be continued. Commenced in No. 417.)

A MAN was saying in company that he had seen a juggler place a ladder, in open ground, upon one end, mount it by passing through the rounds, and stand upon the top erect. Another, who was present, said he had no doubt of it, as he had seen a man who had done the same thing, but with the addition, that when he arrived at the top he pulled the ladder up after him.

## PHYSICAL RECREATION.

## ANGLING.

## [THIRD ARTICLE.]

THERE are other methods of capturing the pike than by trolling. He is snared, caught by the ledger and trimmer, and in very shallow water is even sometimes shot. The trimmer, although a fatal weapon is unsportmanlike, and soaring is met with much disparagement amongst anglers.

The rod used for trolling must be at least twelve or fifteen feet in length, and sometimes even longer, but this depends on the locality. It must be stiff and strong, and the rings, constructed to allow the line to pass easily through, should be bound to each joint with fine copper wire or strong waxed thread.

The general rod described in our last paper used with the short stiff top will be found suitable for most waters, and the line may be purchased at the rate of from three half-pence to threepence a yard. Baiting the hook is rather difficult, and if performed clumsily success is far from certain. A needle of either steel or brass must be used. Push this into the mouth of the bait, and drive it so through the body that it comes out between the fork of the tail. To the needle is secured the shank of the hook, which, having two barbs, falls over each side of the mouth of the bait, and is thus rendered scarcely noticeable. When the bait is dropped into the water the line must be paid out to the length of a dozen yards or more, for the instant the pike strikes he darts off to his lair to gorge the fish.

Should he feel the slightest strain the chances are that he will instantly disgorge the bait, and no amount of persuasion will make him renew the attack. The instant he takes the bait pay out more line and let him rove about as he pleases, and give him at least ten minutes for his meal. Then strike, and play him carefully and sharply; keep the line taut by holding the rod in one hand, and slowly wind in the line with the other. Having played him until he is, to use an angler's term, "drowned," lift him out, but "ware his terrible teeth, for he bites like a dog. When alone and without a landing net, seize the fish with the forefinger and thumb of the left hand and jerk him on shore. Of the roach we shall speak further on.

The month of February is more favourable for the gentle craft. Carp, perch, roach, chub, and pike will feed if the weather be mild. At this season it will be as well to observe fish feed during the middle of the day, and should be angled for near the bank and in eddies. Carp are shy fish, and are seldom taken. They are found in preserved waters, and attain great weight and size. A bait made of bread and honey, we are informed, is a tempting bait, and has proved successful when all others have failed. The angler should station himself behind a tree or bush, for if the fish see but the slightest reflection upon the water they will dart away.

The perch is a handsome and bold-biting fish, affording when in season excellent sport to the angler. It is easily distinguished from other fresh-water fish by the beauty of his colours, and the large bristling fin on his back, which he can raise, as many an angler can vouch, or depress at will. Thus naturally defended, he holds his own, and defies even the pike, and stories are told of combats between the two fish in which the perch has been triumphant. Perch spawn in March, but are in season up to the end of February, in the mild days of which month they bite freely. The minnow is a killing bait, but the perch is extremely partial to the red worm or brandling. In fishing with the minnow the hook should be run through the back fin of the bait, and sunk to a depth of about six inches from the ground. Perch are angled for with the ledger, but we prefer using a large cork float. When this fish bites he invariably takes the float under water two or three times, as he is extremely voracious, and as greedy as the pike, yet at times he will show much caution. A plate was published some years ago entitled "A Committee of Taste," in which a dozen fine perch are swimming round about the tempting bait. It gives a good idea of a perch

hole, and a copy of it may be seen in the window of Mr. Gillett, fishing tackle dealer, Fetter-lane.

**THE THAMES.**—This river runs bright and clear, except where the Loddon runs in. The slight tinge has helped to improve the angling. Taken all round, fair sport has been met with among the barbel, but not much perch fishing has been done. Gudgeon, with a judicious raking, are being taken in large numbers. Where a clean piece of gravel bottom can be found the roach are feeding towards evening, and care should be taken to select a stream, these fish fighting shy of eddies or slack water during the present tropical weather. Boiled wheat has been used with success, some also being thrown in for ground-bait. Jack appear to be snugly ensconced in their snug harbour of weeds, and judging from the few taken they are too well victualled to care about half-dead or artificial baits.

Of the chub the best were taken on the surface, any large fly being snapped up with avidity, and they now afford excellent sport when hooked. In the present clear condition of the water care should be taken to keep as much out of sight as possible, the chub being a very shy and wary fish. Along the banks of both the Upper and Lower Thames we have seen and heard of several trout being had, but, generally speaking, the sport has been slow. Good sport has been met with about Oxford, the roach having the best appetites.

Some good catches of roach have also been taken here, and likewise chub, the best bait for the latter being old cheese. From different parts of the river about Reading we saw some capital chub, but as a rule the fish were very shy. At Marlow excellent sport has been met with among the barbel, some of the punts returning with 50lb. and 60lb. for a day's sport, the majority of the fish running a good size. A trout 9½lb., besides others more juvenile, was taken, and a jack of 17lb., the latter being in very good condition for the time of the year. At Maidenhead the trout are feeding well, several very handsome fish being killed spinning, and there is no doubt whatever but that this stretch of the Thames has greatly improved since the formation of the Angling Association. Eels have been running like mad during the thunder-storms, and some very large ones have been taken with live baits.

At Henley, anglers have been rather busy among the chub and barbel, greeves being best for the latter. At Windsor also some royal trout have been captured. The sewer is full at Datchet has been yielding fine haskets of fine roach, the position, however, divested of its angling enjoyments, being far from pleasant. Of the City waters Moulsay stands forward very prominently for some very heavy catches of barbel, one punt getting nearly 100lb. of fish in one day: and the gudgeon, roach, and bream are also feeding well. At Sunbury, jack and perch are pretty well on the feed, and roach and dace have been taken in large numbers at Richmond. The heavy storm ought to improve the colour of the water.

**THE LEA.**—The Lea is improved by the rains, a strong flood is needed before the fishing will be good, as the river-bed is covered with silk weeds, which is also covered with animalcula upon which the roach and dace feed enormously. Several chub were had from the different waters, and bream at Broxbourne, the weirs at the latter water being well stored with these fish as well as tench. At the Rye House, beloved of London excursionists, the roach can be seen in immense shoals, and the influx of fresh water ought to set them feeding a little more freely. The other fisheries may be passed over, there having been but little done. Up the Stort the best catches having been among tench and chub, the former being taken in the different by-gate holes with bright red worms, and the latter nibbling with any kind of moth, the bigger the better. At Harlow several lots of chub were also had lingering, very old Cheshire being used, and this would be a capital spot for fishing if it was not so cruelly poached.

**THE COLNE.**—The Colne has been as "clear as gin," but it is now a little improved, and good sport ought to be met with among the roach and chub. What roach were taken ran large, and they now present a very handsome appearance, as do the chub. Several pretty trout have

been had from different parts, one taken at Wraysbury with a red palmer weighing 7½lb. At Thorney Broad, West Drayton, the sport among the trout has been good, more particularly in the Delaford Park waters, and good crews of tench and roach have been had. The roach here run very fine, and the water is well stored with tench.

**DAGENHAM.**—At Dagenham gull the catches of bream and roach have been large, though the fish as a rule ran small. The early bird catches the fish here, they feeding best from daybreak up to about nine o'clock, little being done while the sun is on the water. Since the alteration of the sewerage the water is very much improved, and a day or two's fishing can now be indulged in without fearing an attack of cholera.

**THE OUSE AND THE STOUR.**—We hear of some excellent bream fishing in the Bedfordshire Ouse, and from Weybridge we also saw some very fine bream and jack. The bream continue well on at Yarmouth in the different "broads," though strange to say very few carp are taken from these waters. The Stour (Essex) has been yielding some large baskets of roach and dace. The cheap excursions to Amberley and Pulborough prove a great boon, but anglers lose the best of the time in the morning.

## THAMES FENCE MONTHS.

**FOR TROUT.**—From the 10th of September to the 25th of January. **For Pike, Jack, Roach, Dace, Club, Barbel, and Gudgeon**—the months of March, April, and May.

**UNDERSIZED FISH.**—The following are the weights and sizes of fish that are allowed to be taken from the Thames by the Conservancy:—  
Trout, not less than one pound; Pike, Jack, and Barbel, not less than 12 inches; Club, not less than 9 inches; Perch or Roach, not less than 8 inches; Flounders, not less than 7 inches; Dace or Smelts, not less than 6 inches; Gudgeon, not less than 5 inches. In each measuring from the eye to the end of the tail.

All persons taking fish of less size and weight than those given above are liable to a penalty of £5 for every offence.

RIVER DISTANCE TABLE,  
From London Bridge to Lechlade.

	M. F.	M. F.
Southwark Bdg.	0 2	Sunbury Lock . . . . .
Blackfriars Bdg.	0 6	Walton Bridge . . . . .
Waterloo Bridge	1 2	Halliford . . . . .
Hungerford Bdg.	1 4	Shepperton Ferry . . . . .
Westminster Bdg.	1 7	Shepperton Lock . . . . .
Lambeth Bridge	2 2	Chertsey Bridge . . . . .
Vauxhall Bridge	2 7	Chertsey Lock . . . . .
Nine Elm Stairs	3 1	Laleham Ferry . . . . .
Chelsea Hospital	4 0	Penton Hook Lk. . . . .
Battersea Bridge	4 7	Staines Bridge . . . . .
Wandsworth	6 3	City Stone . . . . .
Putney Bridge	7 2	Bell Weir Lock . . . . .
Hammersmith Bdg.	9 0	Magna-Charta Is. . . . .
Chiswick Ait	9 6	Old Windsor Lock . . . . .
Chiswick Ferry	9 7	Old Windsor Bdg. . . . .
Barnes Ry. Bridge	10 7	Datchet Bridge . . . . .
Mortlake	11 4	Datchet . . . . .
Baker's Rails	12 2	Datchet R. Bridge . . . . .
Strand-on-the-Gr.	12 4	Windsor Lock . . . . .
Kew Bridge	13 0	Windsor Bridge . . . . .
Brentford Ferry	13 4	Maidenhead . . . . .
Isleworth Ch. F.	14 6	Cookham Bridge . . . . .
Isleworth Rails	15 1	Marlow Iron Bdg. . . . .
Head Ferry	15 5	Henley Stone Bdg. . . . .
Richmond R. Bdg.	15 7	Sonning . . . . .
Richmond Bridge	15 7	Caversham . . . . .
Twickenham Ait	17 2	Pangbourne . . . . .
Cross Deep	17 5	Streatley . . . . .
Stoney Deep	18 0	Wallingford Bridge . . . . .
Teddington Lock	18 4	Abingdon Bridge . . . . .
Kingstone Bridge	20 2	Oxford . . . . .
Seething Wells Fy.	21 4	Swinford . . . . .
Thames Ditto Fy.	22 5	New Bridge . . . . .
Hampton Ct. Bdg.	23 1	Tadpole Bridge . . . . .
Moulsay Lock	23 2	Radcot Bridge . . . . .
Hampton Ferry	24 2	Lechlade Bridge . . . . .

**MACAULAY.**—when a child, had a little plot of ground at the back of his father's house, which was marked out as his own, we are told, by a row of oyster-shells which a maid one day threw away as rubbish. On discovering the act the little fellow went straight to the drawing-room, where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle, and said very solemnly, "Cursed be Sally: for it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.'"

**DOMESTIC PETS,**  
AND  
**HOW TO KEEP THEM.**  
—  
**FOWLS.**  
(Continued from No. 420.)  
**VARIETIES.**

**S**PANISH.—This breed is a favourite with the professional as well as with the amateur, for the produce of numerous, fine, large eggs. Brought originally, as its name implies, from Spain, this breed is, nevertheless, very hardy, and well adapted to our climate, especially in and about London. It is reared as easily as any of inferior importance, and cannot be too strongly recommended, both for its abundant supply of its large, fine flavoured eggs, and its white, tender, and juicy flesh as a table bird. The hens are better layers than setters, hence, when chickens are wanted, their eggs should be put under hens of another variety to be hatched. They will lay all the year round if their house is kept warm, except at moulting time in the autumn. The characteristics of the Spanish breed are well marked. The plumage is a glossy sable, and should be free of white or any other colour. The comb is single and remarkably large, and should be erect in the cock, and in the hen should droop over to one side. The most striking peculiarity is the white ear-lobe contrasting strongly with the bright scarlet of the comb and wattles, the latter being extremely developed. The cock is a stately bird, and is remarkable for size and height, having long, clean legs; it is, in fact, superior to all our domestic breeds, and possesses excellent courage and symmetry.

**Cochin-China.**—This gigantic race of fowl is a native of China, and is as hardy as any variety reared in England. Their domestic habits, their egg-producing powers in winter render them valuable above all others, being good mothers and easily confined. They hatch well, and their chickens are so robust that they can be reared in almost any situation. The characteristic of this bird should be the bright vermillion of its comb, which should be erect, single, and regularly serrated; the head small in proportion to its body, the beak short, slightly curved, and thick at the base, and bright yellow. The wings short and rounded, lying closely to the side, and the lower points of the feathers pointed underneath, the breast broad and very full, and the back rising towards the tail.

**Dorking.**—This race are not remarkable as good layers, but for the table there are no fowls so profitable. The Dorking is remarkable for having five toes, is a short-legged, plump, round-bodied fowl, with a short white neck, a full rose comb, a large breast, and plumage of spotless white.

**Hamburg.**—These fowls possess certain qualities that render them more profitable than most any other variety. Very few of the hens ever show any inclination to sit upon her eggs, so that the chickens must be hatched by other hens. Every hen can be depended on for laying an average of 200 eggs in the year. Their eggs are a little below the average size, but then it must be remembered that the birds themselves are smaller than the Dorking or the Spanish breed. The spangled Hamburg are great foragers, and, if allowed to roam, will find a greater portion of their food. But the objection to allowing them freedom is that they possess great power of flight, and are difficult to keep within bounds. In the Spangled Hamburg there is a small comb rising up into two, sometimes more, conical eminences, or horns, and behind this a large, full pendant top-knot. The wattles are small, and under the lower mandible on the throat is a full, dark coloured tuft of feathers. The colour is orange yellow, each feather being tipped with glossy black. The hen is also yellow or

orange brown, the feathers being tipped with black.

**Barn-Door Fowls** are of no particular breed, this being the result of various and indiscriminate crossing through the neglect of the fancier paying no attention to the breeding. This nondescript variety generally compose the flocks of fowls kept by farmers and cottagers. If they are hardy they lay abundantly, and for table fowls they will be found very profitable.

**Bantams.**—These beautiful little birds exist in many varieties, but whether known as black, white, gold-laced, silver-laced, game, booted, or otherwise, they are all particularly remarkable for their diminutive size, grace of outline, and beauty of plumage. Though bantams are good layers and sitters, they can hardly be considered profitable. In fact, they are generally kept more for ornament than service. A good, fancy bantam cock should be so small as to weigh not more than a pound, his comb of a fine red rose colour, a well feathered tail, and walk with a proud, lively strut. The hen should be small, clean-legged, and in plumage match with the cock. Their habitation should be in a warm, dry, and airy place, and as much room as pos-

duced forced production, and the deplorable way of bringing up the chickens contributed rapidly to deteriorate these birds. Inferior specimens are easy to procure by crosses between the Cochin China, White Malay, &c.

The first specimens I saw were really what the Brahmas ought to be. They had exactly the form and characteristics of the best made Cochin China, but more developed, because the size was larger. The back of the cock was perfectly horizontal; the shoulders large; the hind part formed by an enormous expansion of feathers on the abdomen, and the thigh feathers were extremely large. The tail very short, the leg short and strong, nearly entirely hidden under the thigh feathers. The shank very large and short, hidden under a thick mass of feathers extending on the toes; the head and neck small for so large a bird.

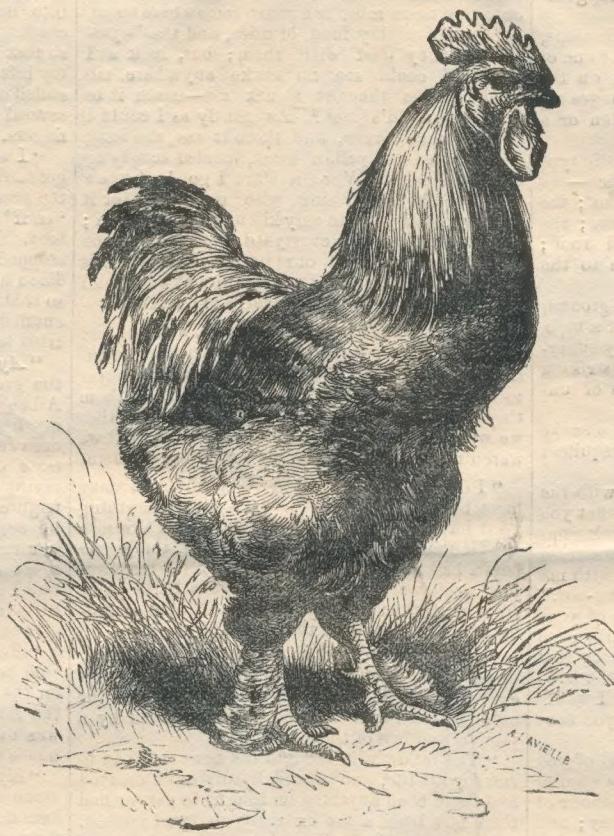
The colour of the plumage is not less characteristic. Each feather of the hackle (cock) should be marked with a lengthened black mark, and there is a like one on the back, shoulders, and lance-shaped feathers. Feathers marked with a grey pattern, very like those of the Cuckoo Cochin China, are at the side of the breast, near the shoulders, little sickles, the back part of the thighs, and the feathers of the feet. The feathers of the abdomen and sides are grey mixed with white. The breast is white, and the wing-coverts are marked with black, and the middle and large sickles are of a green bronzed colour; and the down beneath the whole plumage is entirely grey.

The form of the hen is like that of the finest Cochin China. She is low, large, compact; her legs are strong, short-feathered, and hidden under the thigh feathers. Her plumage is still more characteristic than that of the cock, being very like that of the Partridge Cochin; and I have seen and possessed birds whose plumage was exactly similar, the colour only excepted, so that one might reasonably have called one the Brown Partridge Cochin and the other the Grey Partridge Cochin. To this last is given the name of Partridge Brahma, but most of the variety are white at the breast, on the back, and wings. The pattern of the feathers mentioned does not show on the sides of the breast, the shoulders, the tail-covering, the thighs, and the legs. The flight feathers and the tail are black, and those of the hackle are regularly marked with black, as mentioned in describing the cock. The abdomen is strongly mixed with grey, and the same colour is more visible than in the cock across the white part of the plumage. The comb should be straight and single for the cock as well as the hen. With the cock the hackle, back, shoulders, and lance-shaped feathers should not be yellow, as this is often the case with inferior birds, and hardly the slightest

tinge of yellow is admissible.

They have made, by a cross between the Black Cochin and Brahma, a variety they call the Inverted Brahma. The body is entirely black, and the hackle, like that of the ordinary Brahma, appears very clearly on the deep ground of the plumage. The head of the true Brahma should, both in the cock and hen, have a plumage entirely white, only marked with black on the hackle at the end of the wings and tail. Amateurs have made them as much like as they could to the White Cochin and White Malay, &c. The comb is generally double (Malay), the back at an angle of 45 deg. instead of being horizontal. The hind part is scanty. The leg is long, the feathers flowing, and entirely divided from the thigh feathers. The leg is long and without feathers.

This variety, which I believe is no other than a variety of Cochin China or Shanghai, is perhaps the best of the different varieties. They lay longer (from forty to sixty eggs). The flesh is good, and the hen above all in the quality of acquiring weight is superior to that of other Cochins.



THE BRAHMA POOTRA.

sible should be allowed them to roam about in the open air during the day. Boxes for nests supplied with soft, fresh hay, should be fitted up in their house, and a chalk egg, about half the size of an ordinary egg, should be put into each of the nests, which will encourage the hen to choose that box to lay in. Each egg as she lays should be taken away until she has laid several, and shows an inclination to sit, then seven, nine, or eleven should be put into the nest, and the chalk egg taken out. During all the time the hen is sitting, she should be supplied with plenty of food and fresh water, and when the chickens are hatched they should have some grouts of all sorts for at least a week.

*The Brahma Pootra.*

A thick cloud envelops the origin of this variety, which seems to me (M. Jacque) to be another variety of the Shanghai.

Introduced into France towards 1853, and a short time before in England; the beauty of its plumage, the shape of the cock and hen, its flesh—preferable, perhaps, to that of the ordinary Cochin China, made it much sought after by many amateurs. The rage for possessing it in-

## A JAGUAR STORY.

"Ah, señor, I see you're determined to defy our climate. After the march that my husband led you through the woods this morning, one would have thought you'd be glad of a rest, and here I find you writing away like any lawyer."

So speaks, gliding out with the supple grace of Spanish blood into the verandah in which I am seated, my charming hostess, Senora Diaz, one of the most piquant little tropical beauties that Murillo ever dreamed of, though sadly marred by the custom (unhappily almost universal among the belles of Paraguay) of carrying in her smooth, olive cheek a quid of tobacco that would astonish a man-of-war's man, and "chawing" it ever and anon with the relish of a Down-Easter over a "plug o' real Jamees' River."

"Well, really, señora, after all the wonders I've seen in this fairy-land of yours, I had need write them down as fast as I see them, lest, as your proverb says, one nail should drive out another."

And in this there is certainly no exaggeration.

Senor Diaz's ranch stands on a gentle slope, overlooking the broad, smooth sweep of one of the countless tributaries of the Parana, on the opposite bank of which the wild grass surges up in one huge green wave to a height of ten or a dozen feet.

The house itself is of the characteristic type common to all parts of Spanish America—the cool, shady verandah; the long, low front; the painted walls and cross-barred windows; the spacious courtyard; the flat, parapeted roof; giving quite a fortress-like appearance to the whole building.

For several acres round it, the cultivated ground, like a battalion of soldiers in the heart of a mob, displays its long, even lines of feathery sugar-cane and huge, banner-like bananas, in striking contrast to the dark, impenetrable masses of untamed jungle that shut it in.

A very paradise, in truth, were there not a snake under every leaf by day, and more mosquitoes than air to breathe at night.

"You flatter our poor country, señora, with the courtesy of your nation. But as I see that you are putting by your writing, I will task your gallantry so far as to beg your help in watering my flowers, for it is not easy for me, with my lame hand, to manage that great watering-pot."

"Be pleased to use my hands as those of your slave señora, when and wherever you may need them. By the bye, am I wrong in imagining that you promised me a story connected with the landing of the hand of which you speak? I would not willingly be troublesome, but when you have leisure—"

"With pleasure, señora; it is very kind of you to interest yourself in such a trifle. As soon as the plants are watered, I shall have the honour of serving you a cup of coffee on the balcony; and then, if you are good enough to care to hear it, the story is quite at your service."

And accordingly, ten minutes later, I find myself sitting in the verandah over a cup of such coffee as I have not tasted since leaving Arabia, with little Lolita (Dolores), my hostess's only daughter and my especial pet, nestling at my side; while the señora, deftly rolling up and lighting a paper cigarette, begins as follows:—

"When we first came here, señora, a good many years ago, the place was very different from what you see it. My husband had got a grant of land from the Government, which was glad to give away ground about here to any one who would take the trouble to clear it—and well it might! For in those days the *mato* (jungle) reached right down to the water's edge, and such a black, horrid tangle it looked of briars, bamboos, Spanish bayonet, wild fig, liana, piriaco, locust-wood, and what not, that I felt as if I daren't even go a step into it for fear of being lost altogether. But my husband and his *peones* went manfully to work, chopping, felling, root-ing, fencing, digging, all day long, except just in the worst heat and many a time I've seen them come back so tired out that they just dropped down to sleep where they were, and it was only when they woke up again, three or four hours later, that they had any thought of food.

"However, luckily for us, there were no Indians about there except the tame Indians, who behaved well enough, and used to bring us food, and dried meat in exchange for knives and *aguardiente*. And as for the ants, what with poisoning them, and digging up their nests, and flooding their galleries with boiling water, we managed to get the better of them at last, though even now they sometimes make a *foray* upon us from the woods around. But after them came another pest that was far worse—the snakes. I need hardly tell you, who have been through the forests yourself, how they swarm there, and for a time I really gave myself up for lost.

"My husband used to call them the *tax-gatherers*, and really they were quite as regular: not a day that we didn't find one or two of them somewhere about the house. And once—O Santissima Madre!—what a fright I got! When Lolita was only a few months old, my husband and his men had gone out to their work one morning as usual, and I was busy in the house, with the child lying asleep on a mat at the other end of the room, when all at once I caught sight of a mouse's skin on the floor, with the body sucked clean out of it like an orange. I knew at once that there must be a snake somewhere about, for they're mighty fond of mice, and that's just the way they deal with them; but, look as I might, I could see no snake anywhere, till suddenly the thought struck me—could it be under the child's mat? As gently as I could I lifted up one corner, and there it was, the long, slimy, green and yellow beast, curled snugly up and fast asleep. What a start I got! I knew that I could do nothing with it myself, for it was a sort that you can only kill by shooting them; so I ran out into the courtyard, and, luckily, the first thing I saw was our hunter Jose, with his gun on his shoulder. I called him at once, and he settled the beast with a charge of small shot.

However, "as the work went on, and we got more and more ground cleared, our visitors began to forsake us; for snakes must have thick cover to burrow in, and when that's taken from them they soon slink off. So then I began to hope that we were fairly at the end of our troubles; but we weren't—we were only at the beginning of them.

"I don't know how it was—perhaps it may have been that, as the proverb says, everything must have its turn—but somehow, all through our troubles with the ants and serpents, the bigger beasts had never disturbed us at all; but now, just as we were beginning to have a little peace from our other plagues, the four-footed gentlemen began to come on the stage at last.

"One morning, just as we were at breakfast, in came one of our vaqueros with news that our cattle, while feeding among the long grass on the other side of the river, had been attacked by a jaguar, and one of them killed.

"The fellow who brought the news had had to run for his life, and would hardly have escaped had there been anything on him fit to eat, or had there not been a fat ox ready to hand instead. As it was, he looked so thoroughly frightened (though he was a brave fellow enough), that it made us all rather serious. However, a week passed without any fresh alarm, and we were beginning to get over it, when suddenly in came three or four Indians in a great flurry, to tell us that a huge jaguar had broken into their encampment and killed a woman and one of their dogs.

"When my husband heard the story he made sure that it was the same beast that had fallen upon our cattle; for they described it as being of a very strange colour, far lighter than any that had ever been seen in those parts before, and from that they had nicknamed it 'The Pale Death.' So, then, we all thought it full time to do something; and my husband called his men together to go out and hunt it down.

"I remember that morning well, though it will be a year ago the day after to-morrow. Away they went merrily enough, every man with his gun and hunting-knife, and Moro, the bloodhound, along with them. My husband turned and kissed his hand to me just as they entered the wood, and then they were gone!

"When I found myself all alone in the house with Lolita, and thought of what might happen if they met this horrible beast, I was so frightened, that (although I had no thought of any chance of danger to myself), I wasn't satisfied till I had

shut and barred every door in the house; and then I came and sat down in the drawing-room, and took Lolita in my lap, and tried to tell her a story.

"Suddenly I heard a scraping along the roof, and then a dull thump, like the fall of something heavy! Anxious and nervous as I was, it gave me a terrible start, though I little dream what it really was. But the next moment came a sound just overhead that I could not mistake—a long, hoarse roar, that I had heard many a time in the forest at night, and never heard without feeling my heart stand still. Then the thought struck me: 'Oh, heaven—the jaguar!'

"*Dios de mi alma!* I shall never forget that moment! For one minute I was quite sick and helpless, as if all the life had been struck out of me at one blow, and then a thought flashed upon me. There was no keeping the jaguar out, for most of the doorways were only hung with curtains; but in the store-room close by there was a huge wooden corn-chest, nearly empty, and big enough to hold six or seven people at once. If Lolita and I could only get in there, I thought, we might be saved yet!

"So I snatched up the child, ran with her into the store-room, and crouched down in the chest. Unluckily it closed with a spring-lock, so that I had to keep the lid slightly open with my left hand, to avoid being shut down and stifled outright; but it had an overlapping edge several inches long, which quite covered my fingers.

"I was not a moment too soon. Hardly had I got fairly settled in my hiding-place when I heard the great claws scraping the floor, and the hungry 'sniff' as the jaguar quested about in search of food. He came straight to the chest, and there stopped short a moment, as if suspecting a trap. Then he put his head close to the narrow opening, so that I could feel his hot breath on my face, snuffed once or twice to satisfy himself, and then tried to force the lid up with his paw!

"*Ay de mi!* how I trembled! but, thank God, the great paw would not go into the little chink. All he could do was to get his tongue in and lick my fingers, making them bleed as if they had been rasped with a saw. And then, what with the taste of blood, and what with hearing Lolita crying inside (for she, poor darling, was as much frightened as I was), his fury was roused, and he began to roar, not an honest deep-mouthed lion-roar, but a sharp, snarling yell, that made my blood run cold. Ugh! I can't think how I didn't die outright; but the touch of Lolita's little arm, clinging round my neck, seemed to give me courage.

"But the worst was still to come. Finding that he could not reach me from below, he sprang on the top of the chest, crushing my hand between the lid and the upper edge. Then I thought a l was over, and gave a scream that made the whole house ring.

"My scream was answered by a sound that made my heart leap—the distant cry of a bloodhound! The jaguar heard it, too, for he leaped down and stood listening a moment, and then ran to the door, as if to escape.

"There it was again—much nearer—and with the voices of men calling to each other. They were coming back. Meanwhile the jaguar seemed to get bewildered, and ran wildly up and down the inner gallery.

"Suddenly there came a loud shout at one of the windows, and then two shots and a frightful yell; and then my husband's voice, strained to its loudest, 'Cachita! where are you?'

"I just managed to crawl to the door and let him in, and then I fainted outright.

"They told me afterwards that our bloodhound had struck the trail of the jaguar leading straight toward the house, and then they all set off to run like madmen, fearing some harm to me. My husband and Jose distanced the rest, and came up just in time to shoot the beast through the window; but he told me afterward, that when he saw it rushing about inside, he felt like one under the collar of the garotte (the instrument of execution.)

"As for my hand, it was so crushed that I couldn't stir a joint of it for weeks after. The Indians doctored it for me, and they tell me I shall have the use of it again by-and-by; but I don't need that to remind me of that day. If I live a thousand years, I shall never forget it!"

## ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, AND USEFUL INFORMATION.

Contributions from subscribers are invited for this column.

—o—

**ANECDOTE OF A SPIDER.**—Mr. Moggridge, in his studies of natural history, has been in the habit of immersing, for preservation, his different species of spiders and ants in bottles of alcohol. He saw that they struggled for a few minutes, but he thought the sensation was soon extinguished, and that they were free from suffering. On one occasion he wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones, that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded up her legs upon her body, and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who of course, manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around to and fro, gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, again relapse into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp and became dead. The effect of the exhibition upon him is a lesson to our humanity. He has never since repeated the experiment, but has applied chloroform before immersion.

**HOW TWO DOGS DINED ON A STEAK.**—The Green Bay (Wis.) State Gazette relates the following fable:—"A large dog belonging to one of our citizens, and who usually accompanies his master to market in the capacity of porter, was intrusted with a fine steak, securely wrapped in paper, to carry home. The animal grasped the parcel between his teeth and trotted homeward beside his master. A short distance from the butcher's the gentleman entered another store, leaving the dog with the parcel standing on the sidewalk. Shortly two vagabond-looking curs arrived on the spot and began sniffing about. Finally, the larger of the two curs began growling and barking at the guardian of the steak, who stood this sort of thing for some time, in a calm and dignified manner, till finally, his bullying tormentors probably having applied some opprobrious epithet to him, he opened his mouth to reply, and, of course, dropped the steak on the ground. The vagabond cur retreated, and the other dog, now fully exasperated, set off in pursuit of him. In an instant vagabond cur No. 2, who had been standing off a short distance, apparently a silent spectator of the scene, sprang forward and seized the steak in his mouth, and put off in an opposite direction. Not long after, and in an alley not far from the scene of this little episode, were two curs holding a high festival over a rich, juicy steak, and these two curs were the identical ones engaged in the transaction previously related. Who can say that this was not a put-up job between these two outcasts of canine society?"

**A FRIGHTENED SLEEPER.**—The Galt House, in La Fayette, Louisiana, last fall was infested with a number of cats, given to nocturnal ramblings. The clerk and a brigand-looking old fellow named White, under command of Captain Nat Long, undertook to exterminate them. One night, shortly after twelve o'clock, they locked the front door and proceeded up-stairs in quest of the cats. Old White had a lantern, Long his abnug-starter, and the clerk a club. Just as they reached the head of the stairs they saw a huge Sir Thomas dodge into a room. They all tiptoed up, and opening the door, slipped in; and closing it after them, White raised the lantern and caught sight of the cat in one of the windows, under the curtain, with its tail sticking out. To grab the tail and throw the cat on the floor was the work of a moment. Then all three of them commenced pounding and yelling. "Kill him! kill him! Don't let him get away!" they roared. Now it happened that a "young man from the country" was in bed in the room, and the noise awoke him. I suppose he had been reading a book of marders before retiring, for he gave one hasty look at the party, and fell back in bed, exclaiming "Great heaven!" and pulled the clothes over his head. In the morning he was downstairs at daybreak and paid his bill. The clerk, on learn-

ing the number of his room, informed him that they had killed a cat there the previous evening. "Well you may have killed a cat, but I thought you were killing a man, and as soon as you buried him would come back and kill me."

**REMARKABLE JURY AT HUNTINGDON.**—In the 16th century, when figure and fortune, or quality and wealth, were more considered than wisdom or probity, or justice and equity, in our courts of law, Judge Doddridge took upon him to reprimand the Sheriff of the county of Huntingdon, for impanneling a grand jury of freeholders who were not, in his opinion, men of figure and fortune. The sheriff, who was a man of sense, and of wit and humour, resolved at the next assizes to try how far sounds would work upon that judge, and gain his approbation. He presented him with the following pannel, which had the desired effect, for when the names were read over emphatically, the judge thought that he had now indeed a jury of figure and fortune.

A true copy of a Jury taken before Judge Doddridge, at the Assizes helden at Huntingdon, July, 1619.

Maximilian	King	—of Torland.
Henry	Prince	—of Godmanchester.
George	Duke	—of Somersham.
William	Marquess	—of Stukely.
Edmund	Earl	—of Hartford.
Richard	Baron	—of Bythorpe.
Stephen	Pope	—of Newton.
Stephen	Cardinal	—of Kimbolton.
Humphry	Bishop	—of Beden.
Robert	Lord	—of Worsley.
Robert	Knight	—of Winwinck.
William	Abbot	—of Stukely.
Robert	Baron	—of St. Neot's.
William	Dean	—of Old Weston.
John	Archbishop	—of Paxton.
Peter	Squire	—of Easton.
Edward	Friar	—of Ellerton.
Henry	Monk	—of Stukely.
George	Gentleman	—of Spaldock.
George	Priest	—of Graffham.
Richard	Deacon	—of Catesworth.
Thomas	Yeoman	—of Barham.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### TO ADVERTISERS.

One Line of Eight Words ... 9 0 1  
Trade Advs. Twenty Words ... 9 0 6



FOREIGN STAMPS,  
50 RARE FOREIGN STAMPS, 7d.  
Including Servia, Egypt, Brazil,  
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100 RARE for 1s. 7d., including Fin  
land, Moldo-Wallachia, Greece,  
Rome, Hanover, &c., &c.  
For full particulars, and an im  
mense variety of other packets,  
see ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS  
1d. Catalogue 3d. All Post-free.  
STANLEY, GIBBONS, & CO., GOWER-STREET  
LONDON.

Send this advertisement and 7 stamps to C. Tapper, 8, Hillbrook-terrace, Fulham, for the great summer novelty, a Performing Rose.

Sheets sent on approval. Good Continentals, 1s. 3d. 1,000. Post free. Collections bought. Agents wanted.—F. Droufield, 50, Berkley-street, Liverpool.

Notice! Notice! Notice!!! Given away to the readers of the "Young Briton," E. B. Hollis's Formula for producing luxuriant moustaches in three weeks. Failure impossible. No Formula will be forwarded without this advertisement together with one stamp to pay postage.—E. B. Hollis, Hairdresser, Hill-street, Liverpool.

Collectors of foreign stamps will do well to notice that R. Stoker, 18, Highgate-place, Mossley-read, Birmingham, has a large and varied assortment at the lowest possible prices. Prospectus sent on receipt of halfpenny stamp. Liberal terms for agents.

Look here! By sending six stamps you will receive by return of post three receipts to make lemonade, ginger beer and sherbet.—A. T., 66, Camden-street, Walworth.

**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.**—Rheumatism or Neuralgic Affections.—No diseases are more frequent, painful, or difficult to cure than these. From their attack no tissue of the human body is exempt, no age, sex, or calling secure. It is a blessing, however, to know that all these sufferings may be completely and expeditiously subdued by Holloway's remedies. The Pills much assist in banishing the tendency to rheumatism and similar painful disorders; whilst the Ointment cures the local ailments, the Pills remove the constitutional disturbance and regulate the impaired functions of every organ throughout the human body. The cure is neither temporary nor superficial, but permanent and complete and the disease rarely recurs, so perfect has been the purification performed by these searching preparations.—ADVT.

## PUZZLES.

Contributions to this column must be strictly original; written on one side of the paper only, in a fairly legible hand; and have a correct solution duly attached.

Solutions to the following will appear in No. 424.  
All solvers must send in their answers within a week of publication.

Correct solutions only will be acknowledged.

30.

### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My first will state,  
One-fifth of crate,  
A vessel next will show;  
An Italian town,  
In this is shown,  
Its name perchance you know,  
A famous game,  
This will proclaim,  
'Tis played in summer time;  
This lake I ween,  
By trav'lers seen,  
In Afric's sunny clime,  
An English stream,  
'Tis famed for dream,  
And many kinds of fish;  
For last please take,  
One-fifth of steak,  
That savoury English dish.  
From North to South—from left to right,  
A famous game will come to sight.

C. A. W. ELDRIDGE.

31.

### CENTRAL DELETIONS.

I.

A mechanical power, the centrals delete,  
And the slyest of glances your vision will meet.

II.

A substance whose poison will often cause death,  
The centrals delete, and you're gasping for breath.

III.

Take the centre away from a part of your frame,  
And a spar of a ship it will instantly name.

IV.

On the roof of old houses my name you will find,  
The centrals delete, and I'm only the wind!

C. A. W. ELDRIDGE.

32.

### CHARADE.

By my first your peas are bought,  
My second is by gourmands sought,  
Combine the two,  
And then you'll view,  
A London suburb known to you.

C. A. W. ELDRIDGE.

33.

### DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My primal is one-sixth of throat,  
Sorrow or grief this will denote;  
Now search Italia's map, and you  
This river's name will quickly view.  
In Afric's hot and sunny land,  
This creature often takes his stand;  
In minds of young and old, I ween,  
This outlaw's name for years hath been.  
A Christian name next bring to view—  
It may, perchance, be borne by you;  
And now an English poet's name,  
Whose works have won undying fame.  
A title, and a river, too,  
My next will surely show to you;  
As for my last, I much deplore,  
The fact that it is nothing more.  
I trust that wit you will not lack,  
That you with ease this nut may crack;  
'Tis very simple, as you'll own,  
When to you the solution's shown.

C. A. W. ELDRIDGE.

34.

### CHARADE.

My first is often used by my second,  
And my whole is a London suburb reckoned.

C. A. W. ELDRIDGE.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 419.

- 11.—Rajah, Agave, James, Avers, Hesse.
- 12.—Hesse, Ellen, Start, Serge, Enter.
- 13.—Hesse, Esten, Start, Serge, Enter.
- 14.—Nerve, Trial, Evade, Relet. 2. Temper. 3. So-use (Sousie). 4. Moth-Erin-law (Mother-in-law). 5. Keys. 6. Zodiac, Odessa, Deccan, I-scorn, Ass-roo, Canined. 7. Flower Garden—FIG, Llama, October, Wand, Exile, Robbin. 8. Fir-man. 9. D. Pig, Piano, Diamond, Gnome, One, D. 10. Stone, Tone, One, Ton, To, O.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

All letters must be addressed to George Emmett,  
YOUNG BRITON, Hogarth House, St. Bride's-avenue,  
London, E.C.

## WAR NEWS!

THE HEAST, Jooly the one.

DEAR SIR.—'Ere's a precious go. Falander is not busted, he swam ashore on a Hassock's (We presume our honoured friend means Cossack), back. Now I'd like to know when he's agoin' to die, 'cause if he ain't, I ham dashed if I don't. We attacked the Rooshians, that is me and 'Obart Pasha did, but as the enemy had been served hout with tin plates, with they wor behind to keep warm, or bagints wouldn't penetrate, we retired to the fortress and passed a lively night with the dead and musketeers. (We presume Dabber means mosquitoes, but as it is as much as our life is worth to alter his manuscript we merely leave it alone.—Ed.) What about that chee? I can't live on Turkish delight all mi life, but it's very nice, altho' some people say it is naughty. It ain't worry filling, but quite as refreshin' as four arf. Hit I don't get a chee I chees the careers of some of your starf wen I come 'ome. Fearful battle fort're yesterday—partiklers on roote of chee but not afore.

HADMIRAL CORNEY DABBER, Guttapasha, &c., &c.

SAM SAWBONES.—Go in for gymnastic exercise, walk up-right, throw your chest forward, and your shoulders back. If you persevere in this simple advice, you will soon get the better of your round shoulders.

CHARLES ELDRIDGE.—Thanks for kind commendations. We shall not issue a holiday number this season. Cons. accepted. Advertisement appears in this week's number of the "Young Englishman."

TRUE AS STEEL.—H.M.S. "Inflexible" is the largest of the fleet, being 11,165 tons, 8,000 horse power. She is an armour-plated, iron turret ship, worked by twin screws. 2. The average height of boys fourteen and a half years of age, is 4 feet 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. 3. Your third question we will answer when we have ascertained the exact number.

TEDDY NEWCOMBE.—To re-gilt picture-frames, first of all well wash them with a sponge and clean water, then let them dry, get some water-gold size from dry hide or parchment, make some thin size, mix enough warm with the gold-size to enable you to work it on with a camel-hair brush, give it two coats, when dry, rub it over with a piece of fine sand-paper, it is then ready for gilding. When the frames are well covered stand them on the edge to drain, when quite dry, dip a pencil into water and wipe the gold over with it; it will take the particles of gold off and make it appear solid. If any of the parts should not be covered, lay bits of gold leaf on, with a dry pencil, and give the gilding a coat of clear parchment size; to complete the frames brush the back edges over with ochre.

T. H. W.—We admit that many a schoolmaster "helps out" his pupil with his writing, naturally desirous of pleasing the parents of his young charge. But this is by no means a modern idea, for James I. had a strong suspicion that Newton, the tutor of his son, touched up the productions of the youthful prince, and he expressed a desire to receive a letter "wholly" from the hand of his son. The practice has almost become a law, and until parents cease to look upon their children as inevitable youthful prodigies, it must remain so. Your calligraphy is, however, perfect—légible, and graceful in form, and the hand of most modern teachers would inevitably spoil it.

TON JUSTYN.—Our efforts have always been directed towards the pleasure of youth, and it is in no boastful sense that we assert our efforts have been successful. The "Young Briton" has been admired beyond our utmost anticipation. You ask us what the youth of a hundred years ago enjoyed in the way of reading. We answer, nothing. It was then considered sufficient to cater for grown-up men, mature in years, ripe in experience; but we are of different opinion—in fact, we prefer to cater for manhood in the bud, the usefulsons of our sea-girt island, who have ever stood our steadfast friends.

TONY JUMPS.—Thanks for your warm and favourable criticism. 1. Every sport and pastime will be duly com-mend-ed on, and the essays on these subjects will be written by competent gentlemen. 2. The absurd notion that Shakspere did not write his plays was sent forth to the world by a body of men who, having no ability of their own, doubted it in others. The whole tenor of his writing betrays the outpourings of one unequalled, powerful mind.

TON THORNE.—We cheerfully answer a moderate amount of questions upon any subject, but it is impossible for us to dive into the bowels of the earth and reveal the mysteries ther'in. Some say that it is one mass of liquid lava, gradually cooling: others say it is hollow, and tenanted by a race of beings to whom darkness is bliss, and underground travelling a source of delight; but for ourselves we say nothing. Astronomy will have its share of space, and the insect world, marvels of the land and ocean, beauties of botany, and many other wonderful things will not be forgotten.

ENTHUSIAST.—Jerome is the painter of those charming Egyptian scenes. As a pourtrayer of Eastern life he is unequalled, and as one gazes at his marvellous pen-collings, the soft air of these warmer climes seems floating around us—the scent of citron groves perfumes the air, and every action of the figures he has limned is full of life and gracefulness in the extreme. We doubt, with you, if modern fashionable life is so well worthy a painter's record as this glorious Eastern existence.

LAHAN.—The wandering tribes who live in our lanes and upon our commons are undoubtedly descended from the wandering tribes of Spain; the colour of their skin attests it, and all their propensities assert their love of Bohemian life and utter disregard of the conventionalities of modern civilised life. They are an intellectual people, without the self-control necessary for the proper use of their abilities; and although we admire them in stories and oil paintings, we must regard them as we do the picture of a drove of wild horses, very charming, but better viewed as the production of a draughtsmen than encountered as a specimen of actual life. Writing excellent.

YOUNG FANCIE thanks us in words of high praise for the very useful articles on the management of Domestic Pets, and song birds in particular. "I have always been very fond of keeping birds," he writes, "but I have been very unfortunate and lost several, I suppose for the want of proper knowledge how to keep them; but since I have read your articles, I find a great improvement in my cage pets, and I am sure that if I follow the instructions, I shall not lose any more unless they die from old age. One of my best canaries which was ill for a long time, died the other day, and as it is a very fine bird I should like to keep it, and if you can give me the information how to stuff it, I shall be very grateful, and I am quite sure there are many of your readers who would also like to know how to stuff birds." Truly, Young Fancier, there are many of our subscribers anxious to know how to stuff birds, and now being the season when the information is most useful, we comply with the general request. In order to have both hands at liberty, suspend the bird by a small hook. The implements necessary are a sharp-pointed penknife for small birds, a pair of strong sharp-pointed scissors, triangular Glover's needles of two or three sizes, a small flat file to notch the bones so as to make them break easily, and a tape measure. If the bird is shot or otherwise wounded before dead, all the holes must be plugged with cotton or paper, also the eyes and mouth, to prevent the flow of blood or other fluids. If there is blood on the feathers, it may be absorbed by sprinkling a little fine dry sand or ashes over it and then shaken off; then make a cone of writing paper only large enough to hold the bird, which put in head downwards, and screw up the other end, taking care not to injure the tail. This will keep the feathers smooth, while the bird stiffens, and it should be allowed to remain in this twenty-four hours to allow the blood to coagulate. Before skinning, put fresh plugs into the eyes, mouth, nostril, and wounds if any, then obtain the exact girth of the bird so that it can be stuffed out to the same dimensions. Having taken the measurement and requisite notes, make an incision from the breastbone down to the tail, taking care not to go so deep as to separate the intestinal cavity, and then carefully separate the skin on each side. Be careful in the operation to plug or sew up any holes cut by accident, and absorb blood or fluids that run, to protect the feathers. Taking the skin off from one side, the leg is soon reached, this must be drawn as far out as possible by the knee-joint, and the tendons cut where they go towards the foot. Break the bone off within the skin, and having freed that leg, treat the other in the same way. It is always better to break these bones and those of the upper wing-joints, before beginning to skin, thus having the limb less in the way. When the legs are removed, cut down to the tail and separate from the body, leaving some of the backbone attached to hold the feathers. Above the tail carefully remove the oil-glands from the skin, then insert the hook in the body and hang it up head downwards. The skin is then easily peeled off until the wings are reached, when it must be drawn to one side until the broken end of the shoulder bones are reached, which may be slipped through the muscles and pulled out as far as possible. You must then cut this muscle off, and having freed this wing, subject the other to the same treatment. The skin is then easily removed as far as the head. Be careful in drawing the skin over the head not to tear it, and ease it away from the flesh with the finger-nail in preference to the knife. The ear membranes are easily drawn out with it, and when the eye is reached be careful in separating the attachment of the eyelids from the eyeballs, so as not to cause any discharge of fluids. Then cut off the back of the skull, remove the brains and the eyes, clean away all remains from the skull and sprinkle the skin with arsenic, fill up the eyes and other cavities, and draw the skin back to its original shape. If the neck has dried during the operation, you must moisten it before retraction. The second joints of the wings must now be cleaned. To do this draw the skin down over the bones, easing it with the finger-nail. Arsenic must be applied to all those parts. The wing bones must now be connected by a string being passed through the space between the bones. In doing this, leave as nearly the natural distance between them as possible. Bind the broken ends of the wing and legs round with cotton and insert a roll of tow into the neck, and fill out the body with it to make it its natural shape. The bill must be closely shut by a string being passed through the nostrils. The neck must then be bent down along the side of the body and the legs bent up so as to make as compact a specimen as possible, next smooth the feathers down, and having made a paper cone of the proper size, put the bird into it, lay it on its back to dry. Next week we will give you the information for stuffing the bird.

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London: Printed by BRADLEY and COMPANY, 12 and 13, Fetter-lane, E.C.; and Published for the Proprietors, at Hogarth House, St. Bride's-avenue, Fleet-street, London, E.C.